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### AT EVENTIDE.

BY C. M.

The children hush their merry shout,
The bat o'erhead wheels round about,
And twinkling stars come peeping out
At eventide.

And gentle zephyrs softly blow,
The tide hath music in its flow,
While vespers reach us soft and low
At eventide.

Tired mourners seek their loved one's grave,
The moonlight glints upon the wave
And steals into each rocky nave.
At eventide.

And glorious visions meet our sight,
With brightness from sweet heaven's height,
From Him who said, "There shall be light,"
At eventide.

# IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

"WHY ARE YOU LONELY?" ASKED MADGE, WITH A SUDDEN PASSION.

## CHAPTER XIII.

WHILE these strange things were happening to Lord Norman out in Australia—the land of fleece and gold—Madge's quiet life was running its uneventful course in the usual away.

After the night of the ball, Mr. Silas Fletcher, beautifully dressed, with a great deal of jewelry about him, hovered round the cottage garden very frequently—indeed, every day during his holiday—but he saw little of Madge, who, when she perceived his elegant form approaching, speedily retired to her own room, and shut herself up with her books and her thoughts.

And those thoughts naturally dwelt upon her long-lost lover, for whenever she looked at Mr. Fletcher she was reminded of Lord Norman, which was unfortunate for Mr. Fletcher.

While his holiday lasted, and he prowled around the place, she was almost a prisoner; and when she heard from her grandfather that Mr. Fletcher had gone back to London and the pursuit of wealth, she welcomed the announcement with so deep a sigh of relief that the old gentleman was startled.

"Anyone would think you were glad, my dear," he remarked obtusely.

"So I am, grandfather," said Madge, with a smile.

"Why?"

"Oh! never mind. I don't like Mr. Fletcher or the smell of his cigars, and the garden has seemed full of it lately."

"That is rather ungrateful," he said absently, as he bent to tie a flower to its stick, "for Mr. Fletcher seemed very much interested in you. He was always asking me questions about your likes and dislikes."

"Oh!" said Madge naively. "Did you chance to mention that one of my dislikes happened to be himself?"

The old man smiled.

"I didn't know it till now, my dear."

Madge laughed.

"Well, never mind Silas Fletcher—I suppose I ought to say 'Mr.' Silas Fletcher now he is becoming a great man. I am going down to the village to see Mrs. Bird's little girl."

She had a basket containing some invalid delicacies in her arm, and she picked some flowers and laid them in a corner of the basket and set forth.

Of late Madge had become, in a small way, the Lady Bountiful of the place, and her lovely and lovable face was welcomed as that of a guardian angel in the laborers' cottages. The children had grown to love her, and would leave the most interesting game to cluster round her; and the men would greet her with the slow rustic smile which, though it seems to express so little, means so much.

But for this affection, which she had won for herself, Madge's life would have been a dull and lonely one, notwithstanding her perfect health and bright spirits.

The curate, a sentimental young man, and so bashful that he dared scarcely glance towards her pew in church, called her—too honestly—"The angel of the homestead," and worshipped her from afar, as only a sentimental curate can.

Mrs. Bird received her—and the basket of jelly and beef tea—with open arms, and Madge sat beside the sick child's bed, and administered some of the jelly with her own hands, small still, but not so brown as when Lord Norman had seen them.

"Such lovely flowers, too, Miss Madge!" Mrs. Bird exclaimed, as Madge arranged them in a cracked jug and placed them within sight of the child's large, wistful eyes.

"Did they come out of the Great Gardens, miss?"

"Oh, no," said Madge, "these are only some simple autumn stock, and chrysanthemums from my own small garden at the cottage. I never go into the Great Gardens, you know."

"To be sure, miss, so Bird has told me. Bird sometimes works in the grounds. What a waste them gardens must be, miss," she went on.

"A waste?"

"Yes, miss; no one sees them, do they? The earl never has no company, and don't leave the house himself, as Bird tells me. Ah, miss, I don't envy him, for all his money and grandeur."

Madge made no response as she bent over the child and gently smoothed her hair from its hot forehead; but Mrs. Bird, not discouraged by her silence, went on—

"They say that the earl is breaking fast, miss. He hasn't been seen outside the park gates since the night of the ball. Ah, miss, we know who was the belle that

night!" She broke off to remark with an archly admiring glance at Madge's face. "Bird says he was helping to wait; you know, miss, that all the gentlemen, and the ladies, too, for that manner, were talking about you——"

"Oh, please, Mrs. Bird!" Madge remonstrated, with a faint blush and a laugh.

"It's true, miss. They were all agreed—at least most of them, for, to be truthful, there were some that was took with Lady Sybil; the fair young lady, you know, miss, Lady Delamoor's daughter."

"I know," said Madge. "I remember her very well, Mrs. Bird. Yes, she is very beautiful! And those persons who compared her with me were very foolish, and possessors of singularly bad taste."

"Oh, it's no use talking, miss," Mrs. Bird cut in emphatically.

"I don't think it is," laughed Madge, desirous of changing the subject. "Does the doctor think little Emily will be up soon?"

"Well, yes, miss. But he hasn't seen her lately. You see we don't like him to come often because of the bill. It's hard enough as it is to make both ends meet, and Mr. Fletcher have rose our rent a shilling a week. He said Bird wasn't paying enough. I see Mr. Fletcher himself, and begged hard to be let off the extra money; but he said he wouldn't hear of it. He said that it was his duty to get as much out of the estate as he could, and he was raising the rents all round. I could have thought that the earl had got too much money already to want to take another shilling out of such poor folks as us. What's the use of him doing it when he hasn't chick or child, and the title and the estates will have to go to a distant branch; scarcely, either, his kith and kin, as you may say."

Madge was silent, and Mrs. Bird went on with that eagerness to talk of the private affairs of her betters which is so common with her class. "Speaking of that, Miss Madge, Bird says as there's something dark and mysterious about the way his young lordship disappeared. It's young Lord Norman I'm meaning, miss. He was here some four or five years ago. Perhaps you don't remember. I don't suppose you saw him."

"Yes, I remember," said Madge, turning to the window so that her face was hidden.

"Well, miss, he was the heir you know, and his uncle sent for him to pay him a visit, and after he'd been back only a few days he disappeared, and no one's ever heard anything of him since. I've heard that there was a quarrel between him and the earl, and that the earl struck him. Anyway, the poor boy disappeared that night, and though the earl and Mr. Fletcher went after him, and searched everywhere, he was never seen again. Poor boy; perhaps he's wandering about half starved—or like as not"—her voice fell—"he' dead."

Madge's hands, as they touched the flowers, trembled.

"And that's what I think has happened, miss," Mrs. Bird continued. "Because you see, if he was alive he'd be a man by this time, and would be thinking that his uncle was an old man, and that he was very near coming into his own. 'Lor, miss, how pale you look!" She broke off as Madge turned from the window. "You do too much, Miss Madge, dear, running about the village and tiring yourself, looking after us poor folk!"

"No, no; I'm not tired," said Madge. "Good-bye, Emily; good-bye, Mrs. Bird. I will see whether anything can be done about the extra shilling a week. Perhaps Mr. Fletcher will let me speak to him about it; but if he will not, well——" The smile, which served instead of words, was fully understood by Mrs. Bird, and Madge left the cottage followed by the woman's grateful, "God bless you, Miss Madge!"

As she walked homewards her heart throbbed painfully with the dread which the woman's garrulous talk had aroused. Dead! The thought made her face pale, and stabbed her for a moment with a sharp thrust, but she refused to harbor it.

"No, no," she murmured. "He is not dead. I—I feel that I should know it, if he were!"

When she entered the cottage garden she saw Fletcher, the steward, just coming in by the gate leading to the front gardens, and with a sudden courage she attacked him at once.

"Oh, Mr. Fletcher, I am so glad to see you. I have just been to the Birds', and Mrs. Bird tells me that—that you have been obliged to raise the rent——"

"And that she can't afford to pay it," he said in his grating voice, his lips parting and showing his yellow tusks. "I know that whining; don't they all sing the same song? Miss Madge, you've taught 'em to sing it! You will teach them all to be paupers, and to snarl at and abuse their masters."

The color deepened in Madge's face, and her eyes darkened and began to flash.

"That is not true, Mr. Fletcher, but we will let it pass. What I wanted to say was, that the Birds had had a long illness—little Emily, you know—and that it has thrown them back, and made it harder for them to pay their way. Surely"—there was a touch of scorn on her voice—"the earl does not need this shilling a week so badly. He will not miss it if you take it off again."

Fletcher scowled at her angrily.

"Let me advise you to mind your own business, and leave me and the people on the estate to mind ours," he said. "If Bird cannot pay, he is welcome to go. There are plenty to step into his place, and be glad to do so."

Madge's eyes flashed outright at this, and she opened her lips to utter an indignant retort, when she saw a tall figure in a fur cloak standing by the gate behind Fletcher. It was the earl, and at sight of him she turned, and would have entered the cottage, but he raised his hand, as if commanding her to stay, and, opening the gate, entered her garden, and came slowly towards them.

Fletcher heard the step, and looked over his shoulder.

"My lord—" he began, with a change of countenance; but the earl, with his eyes still fixed on Madge, signed to him to leave them, and Fletcher left the garden.

The earl stood leaning on his stick, and looking at Madge. Although it was October, the weather was mild, but he had his fur coat buttoned closely, and shivered slightly at a faint breeze.

Madge stood for what seemed an unconscionable time under his silent regard; and, as it appeared to her by the expression of his face that he had forgotten her presence, she was about to move towards the cottage, when he said in a low, though clear and metallic voice—

"You are Gordon's granddaughter?"

"Yes, my lord," said Madge.

He went to the seat on which Lord Norman had sat, and sank down—as he did so, Madge was conscious of an unpleasant thrill—and, leaning his arms on his stick, and his chin on his arms, he stared at her with his fierce eyes.

"What is your name?"

"Madge," she replied.

"And so you think I am a tyrant and oppressor, Miss Gordon, eh?" he said, not angrily, but with a kind of cold amusement at her embarrassment.

She raised her downcast eyes and looked at him fearlessly—as fearlessly as Lord Norman had looked at him—and strangely enough her expression reminded him of that boy.

"My lord——" she began, but he stopped her with a gesture of his long white hand.

"Don't trouble to explain. I heard every word from the other side of the hedge. You didn't plead your cause well, my girl. You should have been more respectful, whined a little, treated Fletcher as if he were a great man—greater and more powerful than his master."

He smiled sardonically, then scanning her face keenly, went on in a different tone—

"But you don't look as if you could use that kind of advocacy—as if you had not learned to whine and bend the knee."

A smile passed over Madge's face.

"I hope not," she said. Then she added quietly, "But if Mr. Fletcher wanted me to whine, you do not require me to do so, my lord? These poor people——"

He waved his hand again, and interrupted her.

"——Do not interest me in the least—you do. And as you do, they shall have this addition to their rent remitted."

Madge's face lit up with pleasure.

"Thank you, my lord," she said simply. "They will be very grateful."

"Let them be—to you," he said laconically.

He was silent for a moment staring at her lovely face absently; then he said—

"Why, have I not seen you before? But I have met you somewhere. Where was it? Yes, I remember, at that cursed ball. I beg your pardon," he apologized, with grim courtesy. "You found it delightful enough, no doubt. They tell me you were winner of the palm." He smiled, and his fierce eyes flashed with amusement at her sudden blush. "And so," he went on, after a pause, "you play the part of my Lady Charitable amongst my people, eh, child? I suppose they abuse me roundly—call me a miser and a skinflint?" he laughed sardonically.

Madge did not contradict him. As she looked at and listened to him she remembered that it was he who had driven Lord Norman out into the world helpless and friendless, and her heart was filled with anger against him.

"And you agree with them, I see," he said, scanning her face. "Well, let them think of me as they please; but you"—he paused, and his eyes seemed to look beyond her vacantly, and his mind seemed to wander. His lips moved for a time without any sound coming from them. Then Madge heard him murmur—

"Behold! your house is left unto you desolate—desolate!"

Nothwithstanding her repugnance to him, Madge, being a woman, and tender-hearted, could not help feeling something like pity; so unutterably wretched was his tone, so eloquent of loneliness and remorse the expression of his face.

She was turning away, when he looked up, and starting slightly, passed his hand across his brow, as if to remove the cloud of bitter remorse that had suddenly obscured his vision.

"Wait," he said, in a low voice. "Be not too quick to judge, child. What do you know of man and the world that you should presume to pass sentence? As for

these grievances, I know nothing, hear nothing of them. Fletcher, my steward, transacts all the business of the estate. I know nothing. I repeat——. Well?"

For Madge had opened her lips as if about to speak, then checkod herself.

"Speak out, child. Don't be afraid,"

"I am not afraid, my lord," she said. "I was going to say that was no excuse. They are your people, not Mr. Fletcher's; that you get the money wrung from them. It is your duty to protect them——"

His thick, dark brows came down over his eyes and he looked up at her beautiful face fiercely for a moment, then his eyes fell.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," he muttered. Then aloud, he said, "You have plenty of courage, Miss Gordon; you are the first person who has ventured to lecture me on my duty. Stay! I am not angry, strange to say. The truth from a stranger's lips is so novel that it loses its sting. You are right, no doubt. It may be my duty to play the part of protector and friend to the people, but"—he sighed heavily—"I am too old, too weary, too desolate, to care what becomes of them or myself. Why should I trouble? I am a lonely man weary of my life!"

"Why are you alone?" asked Madge with a sudden passion. "Where is your nephew, Lord Norman?"

Her retort and the question had sprung from her lips suddenly, on the impulse of the moment, and its audacity startled herself. Its effect upon him was more than startling. He rose, letting his stick fall from his hands, and confronted her.

"Norman! Norman!" he repeated hoarsely. "What do you know of him? When did you see him? What—what—"

Madge, pale and trembling, stood with downcast eyes.

"What do you know?" he demanded. "I insist upon an answer."

"I—I know that he fled years ago in consequence of your ill-treatment, my lord," she faltered in a low voice. "If you are weary and desolate it is through your own fault. If you had not driven him away he would have been here by your side. Oh! my lord." Her voice broke. "Find him! He is not dead. I am sure—sure that he is not dead. Find him!"

The earl sank on to the seat trembling. Madge stooped and picked up the stick, and as he took it his hand fell on her arm.

"No, you do not lack courage!" he said in a low voice. "You say you know—what do you know? Idle rumors! Anything more? How did I ill-treat the lad? I tried to secure his happiness, his welfare. A blow? What is that to a schoolboy? Find him? How can I find him? Did I not search for him everywhere?"

He was silent a moment, still trembling; then he rose.

"Find him?" he muttered. "Yes! You are right. He shall be found!"

There was the ring of a sudden resolution in his voice, a strange light in his eyes.

"Come with me!" he said.

Madge drew back slightly, but he held her arm.

"No, no," he said, with a grim smile. "It was your idea, not mine; the responsibility rests with me. Come, I've yielded to you in the matter of those—what's their names?—people; it is your turn now," and he smiled slightly. "Come with me; we will see Fletcher—we will——" He stopped and put his hand to his brow, and staggered slightly. "I have not been well," he murmured. "Tut! Tell the truth. I am old and feeble. Give me your arm, child."

CHAPTER XIV.

SCARCELY knowing whether she was awake or dreaming, Madge drew his long lean hand within her arm, and they passed through the gate to the great gardens. She looked around curiously, and he noticed it, absorbed as he seemed to be.

"Have you never been here before this?" he asked.

"No, my lord," she replied.

"Strange!" he said. "Gordon has hidden you very well. And you say you saw my nephew Norman; did you?"

"Yes," Madge replied in a low voice.

"He was a fine lad," he muttered as if to himself. "A true Chesney. I—I wish I hadn't struck him. But he was a fool. I had only his welfare at heart. And so you think I may find him? Perhaps, perhaps. We shall see. Do I lean too heavily on you, child?"

"No, my lord," she replied.

They crossed the lawn and entered the house. At another time Madge might have noticed and been impressed by the vastness of the hall and the grandeur of the whole place; but she was too engrossed and excited by the novelty of the situation to notice much."

"Come into the library," said the earl. "This way."

He sank into a chair and leant his head on his hands for a moment or two, then rose, courteously led her to a seat, and rang a bell.

"Send up Mr. Fletcher," he said to the footman who entered.

"See, now," he said to Madge. "I am losing no time, am I? Fletcher will make all sorts of obstacles, but we will override them. You shall have your way!"

As he spoke, the door opened and Fletcher entered. He started at sight of Madge, seated close beside the earl, but recovered his presence of mind instantly.

"Fletcher," said the earl, "this is Miss Gordon."

Fletcher inclined his head and showed his fangs.

"She has been telling me about those persons whose rent you have raised. What is their name?"

"Bird," said Madge in a low voice.

"Let them pay the same rent as heretofore. No words! Let it be so. And, Fletcher, there is something else. I want to find Lord Norman."

Fletcher started.

"Find Lord Norman, my lord?" he said, glancing from the earl to Madge in amazement.

"Yes!" and he struck the table with his clenched fist. "I want to find him at once."

He turned his restless eyes on to Madge.

"What shall we do, child? Come, it is your idea, not mine."

Madge thought a moment.

"Advertise for him," she said in a low voice.

The earl nodded.

"Right! Advertise for him! You hear, Fletcher?"

Fletcher looked from one to the other with a keen scrutiny.

"But that has been done, my lord," he said.

"Not for some time—years ago," said the earl. "Advertise again. Draw up the form now—this moment." He pointed to the paper and ink imperiously.

Fletcher sat down at the other side of the table and took up a pen, but looked round irresolutely.

"Come!" said the earl to Madge, "tell him what to say."

Madge, with a faint blush, raised his head. She seemed inspired by courage.

"Norman," she dictated. "All shall be forgiven. Come to the Chase at once."

"Write that down!" commanded the earl. "Write it down, word for word."

Old Fletcher, with closely-compressed lips, obeyed.

"Insert that in the English and Continental papers," said the earl.

"But, my lord——" began Fletcher.

The earl rose, and signalled to him to withdraw.

"Do as you are told, my good Fletcher," he said.

Then as the steward left the room he held out his hand to Madge.

"Are you satisfied?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied in a low voice.

"Good," he said. "We will wait, you and I, for it is your idea. If he is not dead—and you are sure he is not?"

Madge felt herself growing pale.

"I am sure, my lord."

"I don't see how you can be, but no matter. If he is not dead he may see these advertisements and answer them. 'Your house is left unto you desolate,'" he murmured, as if he had forgotten her presence, then he took her hand. "Let us see more of each other," he said. "I shall visit you at the cottage."

"Yes, my lord," she responded.

She left him sitting in his chair overwrought and exhausted, and went home. Her brain was in a whirl. It all seemed like a dream, and yet, through it all, she dared to hope Lord Norman would see the advertisement and come home. She should see him again! Would he remember her?

She said nothing to her grandfather. Why should she trouble him? Just at this time he was busy with his botanical work on the classification of flowers, and the smallest interruption annoyed and worried him.

The next day she spent as usual, visiting the sick, and playing the "Lady Charitable," as the earl had phrased it; but on the second day, on her return from the village, she found him sitting on the garden bench, and awaiting her.

"Where have you been?" he asked, almost testily. "I have been waiting for you."

"I have been in the village, my lord," she replied.

"There is no news of him," he said, after a pause, during which his fierce eyes had been fixed on her face.

"There has been no time," she said.

He sighed.

"Ah, no, I suppose not."

He sat looking at her, beyond her, for a full minute, then, without a word, he rose and passed through the gate.

Each day for a week he came to the small garden, and each day it was "No news." But one day, at the end of the week, Madge found him, in his sealskin coat, pacing to and fro in feverish excitement. He waved a letter in his hand as she approached, and, sinking on to the bench, laughed with a mixture of triumph and embarrassment.

"You were right!" he exclaimed. "You were right! He is not dead! He has been found!"

"Norman!" escaped her lips, suddenly tremulous.

"Yes, my nephew, Norman, my heir, the next earl. See here!" And he held out the sheet of paper.

Madge took it, but for a moment her eyes refused to see. She was stricken with sudden blindness.

"Read it, read it!" exclaimed the earl.

[CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.]

### WHEN VIOLETS BLOOM.

BY W. W. LONG.

When violets bloom I will come back to thee
And tender love beside the tropic sea;
And down the white sands we will stray
Through happy hour of perfect day.

We'll watch the sun go down the west,
Like monarch proud, to sleep and rest;
And far behind will lie all life's regrets,
When spring brings back the violets.

## Friend Browne.

BY C. E. L.

"OH! Em, I quite forgot to tell you," and Mr. Hursley, who was making his morning toilette and attacking his hair fiercely with a couple of brushes, suspended operations while he addressed his wife; "there's something I meant to tell you, last night, that regularly slipped my memory!"

"Is that very unusual?" asked the lady, demurely.

"I never forget you, Mistress Pert, nor any of your orders and demands, so let me know, before I leave home, what fish I shall send you for dinner, for I met an old friend in Fleet Street, and he has promised to dine with us. You'll make him welcome, I know. Cela va sans dire! My wife never treats my guests discourteously."

Mrs. Hursley laughingly curtseyed an acknowledgment of this gallant speech, but answered:

"I don't think I shall be very pleased with your friend if he is as dry and silent and difficult to entertain as that old gentleman you brought here last week. An hour of his society was such an infliction that I could have fallen asleep for very weariness."

"Ah, but that was an acquaintances of my father's; this is a friend of my own; my old friend Browne. He used to edit a local paper in one of the Sussex towns, and very cleverly too. His articles were noticed, and he has obtained a capital berth on the staff of the Thunderer. He is lodging not far off, so I hope we shall be able to see a good deal of him."

Mrs. Hursley had cast a startled glance at her husband when he commenced speaking, but when he stopped her head was bent over her key-basket, in which she was searching so busily that she made no response whatever.

This was quite like the lively young bride, who was pleased with every chance of displaying the wedding gifts of china and plate bestowed on her a few months since, and proud to let her husband's bachelor friends see how prettily she could play the hostess; and, for the second time, Tom Hursley paused in his brushing to inquire the cause.

"I haven't done wrong, have I? This invitation won't interfere with any of your arrangements, will it?"

"Oh, no, not at all; it is not to-night, but to-morrow that we are engaged to the Stanwells. Breakfast is quite ready; you'll not be long?"

This was said hastily and coldly, but when Mr. Hursley joined his wife in the breakfast-parlor, her face had regained its ordinary expression, and she was so busy attending to his comfort, so affectionately anxious that his coffee should be hot, and his roll well-buttered, that no further allusion was made to his friend Browne.

Still, there were moments during the day when memory recalled his wife's sudden change of tone and manner, and Tom Hursley found himself wondering what he could have said to occasion it. Was she beginning to think that if he revived so many old ties, she would suffer for it, and be left to spend too many of her evenings solus? Ah, well, as soon as she knew Browne, she would see that, as far as he was concerned, she had nothing to fear. Browne was too sensible, and too domesticted in his own tastes to dream of depriving her of her husband's society.

It was, however, a recollection of the morning's perplexity that made the young husband watch his wife narrowly when he led his visitor into her drawing-room. Women were apt, he remembered, to prejudice themselves against certain persons, for reasons they were ashamed, or unable to advance; and his Em, though a very charming little creature, might be cherishing a jealous pang which she was ashamed to acknowledge.

But when he made the customary introductions, Mrs. Hursley and Mr. Browne did not meet like absolute strangers. He, with a suppressed exclamation, advanced eagerly, holding out a hand which she refused to notice, turning partly from him to address her astonished husband.

"I believe I have met Mr. Browne at Hastings, but this occurred so long ago—"

"Long!" he interposed; "it is not yet two years! And I have never forgotten—shall never forget—those lovely summer days."

"Ah, yes, it was unusually fine weather," she replied, almost before he had finished speaking. "But one soon tires of those seaside resorts. There is such a sameness in all of them. When Tom has his holiday, I shall persuade him to vegetate at some old farm-house, or else take me abroad."

"I have never cared to re-visit Hastings, and never shall," said Mr. Browne, speaking in so low a voice that he must either have been speaking to himself, or intended what he said for Mrs. Hursley's ear alone. But whatever his motive may have been, she abruptly introduced another subject, talking with unusual rapidity and incoherence.

"Do you gentlemen bring any news from the City? Is it true there is another strike impending? I have been too busy this morning to read the papers, but I am dying to know whether the Radicals carried their measure in the House of Commons last night."

"How long have you felt such an interest in politics, Em?" queried her surprised husband. "They don't come into Browne's department, so I daresay he is almost as ignorant on such points as I am."

"Dinner is on the table," the neat parlor maid announced, and with a sigh of relief, Mrs. Hursley led the way to the dining-room, leaving the guest to follow with her husband.

The young men had plenty of tastes and interests in common; and, moreover, their not having seen much of each other for the last three or four years, gave them much to ask and hear.

But for these things, Tom Hursley must have noticed how curiously silent, if not self-absorbed, his wife appeared to be during the whole of the evening.

She excused herself when asked to play, saying she preferred to listen to their conversation. Yet, when polite efforts were made to draw her into it, and other subjects were started for that purpose, she either answered at random or in monosyllables.

When their visitor had departed, and Mrs. Hursley, instead of nestling down by her husband to have the customary chat over the incidents of the evening, began to fold up her work and prepare for retiring, he put the question to her—"How did you like Browne?"

The answer was some time coming, and sounded unsatisfactory.

"He is—very well."

"That's what Shakespeare, or someone else, calls 'condemning a man with faint praise.' Why, there is not a better hearted man, nor a more well read one, in all London!"

"Oh, yes, I daresay he is fairly clever," said Mrs. Hursley, disentangling a knot in the silken ball she was winding up.

"By the way, Em," cried her husband, suddenly, "you had not told me that you and Browne were old acquaintances. How was that?"

"It was before you and I were engaged."

"So I understood; but you have often talked of Hastings, and the pleasant weeks you spent with your aunt and cousins, and yet never mentioned him."

"Why should I? How could I know that your Mr. Browne was the—one of the persons we met there? Don't be ridiculous, Tom. So many men as there are in England bearing the same commonplace name—how could I imagine that he would ever cross my path again?"

"Well, my dear, you need not be petulant about it," observed her husband, in some surprise; "and if you know anything to Browne's discredit——"

This was vehemently disclaimed.

"I thought you couldn't," said Tom, with a triumphant smile; "but if you have made up your mind to dislike him, why, I'll not invite him again."

Mrs. Hursley still further astonished her husband by stamping her foot, and telling him he must take an ill-natured pleasure in tormenting her. She wished he had never come across Browne. Nay, more, she declared, in her excitement, that she shouldn't be sorry if he were dead. Then cried on her husband's neck, and begged him to forgive her for saying such wicked things, and excused herself on the plea of having had the toothache all day.

Mrs. Hursley had regained her composure and her cheerfulness on the morrow; and when Mr. Browne called one evening to offer her and Tom tickets for a concert, she gave him a fairly gracious reception. She even seconded Tom, when he begged his friend to stay and have one of their old battles over the chess-board.

Yet, in spite of her courtesy, she appeared to shrink from him, her color rising as often as he addressed the most simple observation to her; and when, to please her husband, she sat down at the piano, and Mr. Browne went to turn over her music, she struck discords instead of chords, and left the instrument, protesting she had such a troublesome cold, that she could neither sing nor play.

Tom Hursley told himself, with a shrug and a smile, that his little wife was developing a few caprices; but this did not trouble him, for he trusted to her naturally sweet disposition; it would soon enable her to overcome these pettish moods and fancies, and his wisest and kindest plan would certainly be to appear blind to them.

And this was the course he pursued till, coming home one evening rather earlier than he was wont to do, he was met with the information that his mistress was not well, and was lying down.

As soon as he was exchanged his boots for slippers, he crept into the room. She did not unclose her eyes, nor turn to the light, but her face was so flushed that, fancying she had a feverish attack, he would have sent for a doctor if she had not insisted that it was quite unnecessary; that

she was already feeling much better, and a good night's sleep would quite restore her.

Though but half satisfied, Tom consented to dine alone, and then come and read to her; but he carried away, unseen by Em, one of her handkerchiefs, picked up by her bedside.

It was drenched with tears.

What secret trouble could she have had to throw her into this condition?

He had met Browne while on his way home, and they had stood chatting for some minutes.

"He must have left my house not long before. Why did he not tell me so? And what can he have had to say to my wife that could cost her all those tears?"

* * * * * *

By nature the most unsuspicious of men, Tom Hursley felt that he should be degrading himself as well as Em if he gave way to doubts of her truth without sufficient cause. Browne might have been telling her some tale of dire distress, such as no generous women could listen to without being powerfully affected, and on the morrow she would make an attack on his purse, besides contriving by some act of self-denial to spare a trifle from her own. Had he not known her do this more than once during the severe winter that followed their union?

So Tom slept calmly in the full assurance that, so soon as his wife was able to converse, he should hear all the particulars of Browne's visit, as well as the cause of such tears as he never remembered to have seen her shed before.

But though Em came to breakfast heavy-eyed and pale, she said nothing. Certainly, the time was short, for Tom had an early appointment, and had to rush off in a bustle. In the evening, perhaps.

And in the evening Em came to the back of his chair, where he could not discern any change in her looks, and drawing her fingers through his hair, begged a favor of him.

"If you'll not mind it, Tom, I should like to ask my cousin Nellie to come and stay with me a little while."

"I believe I proposed your doing so some time since, saying I did not like your being alone all day, but you would not hear of it then. Have you found out, after all, that you are dull?"

But she answered "No," very decidedly.

"Then you are low spirited, and why?"

Again Mrs. Hursley assured him to the contrary.

"I should like Nellie to come to me. She and I were always fond of each other."

And that was all she would say, and not a word about the visitor of the previous afternoon, till her husband broke the ice.

"You had Browne here yesterday."

In a mirror opposite where he sat, Tom could see his wife's startled face. The blood had rushed into it as she listened to him.

"Who told you so?" she asked, at last.

"What signifies that? What did Browne want?"

"Only to—" and then Em paused so long that Tom clenched and ground his hands on the paper he was pretending to read, till he rent it in pieces. "Only," she went on, faintly, "to ask me for an address."

It was an untruth, Tom told himself; the first her lips had ever uttered to him, and in the jealous rage that assailed him he could have struck her. But she had moved away, possibly to avoid further questioning, and with his head on his hands her husband sat gloomily staring into the fire, and growing every moment more infuriated against Browne, the false friend who was blighting his domestic happiness.

How blind he must have been not to perceive from the first that there was something wrong. They had confessed to having known each other at Hastings, but if it were merely an every-day seaside acquaintanceship, would both of them have kept him in ignorance of it? They had loved each other, the old affection was reviving, and Browne—great Heavens! was it possible that the man he trusted could be such a dishonorable scoundrel?

He would not, he could not blame Em for anything but her want of candor. Did he not recall how palpably she had shrunk from renewing her intimacy with Browne? Were not her tears, her despondency, proofs positive that if she had received his visits and listened to him, she was remorseful and miserable as soon as he had left her.

What must be done?

Hours passed while Tom sat brooding over his misery. The servants went to bed, the fire died out, and still he sat wrestling with her anger and his grief. Once or twice he rose and walked about the room.

He had dropped back into his chair and his former attitude, when he found Em, in dressing-gown and slippers, leaning over him.

"Dear Tom," she cried, "you cannot know how late it is; you must have fallen asleep hours ago. Why, it will be soon morning, and you are shivering with cold. I have been waiting and waiting for you to come upstairs, and wondering what book had interest enough to keep you here so late."

He strained her to his aching heart. Ah, why did he love her so dearly?

She put her arms about his neck, and let her head droop upon his shoulder, saying, in a half whisper:

"I could not go to sleep till I had seen you, because—because I have a confession to make. No, don't get up," she added, entreatingly, as he would have thrust her from him; "sit still, and hear me patiently. It is the only secret I have ever had from you."

"If you are going to tell me that Browne——"

Tom began his sentence so fiercely, that emotion choked him, and he could get no further.

"Yes, it is about your friend Browne. How did you guess it? Soon after we made acquaintance with him at Hastings—my cousins and I—there came a time when I fancied he admired me, and this fancy was confirmed when I received from him a couple of letters."

"Letters! And you answered them?"

The "Yes" was very faint and low.

"Go on," said Tom, grimly.

"But it is so hard to tell you the rest," and Em gave a sob. "When he wrote again it was to beg that he might be allowed to ask auntie's permission to pay his addresses—oh, Tom, are you listening?—and can you understand what I felt when I discovered that it was not me, but my cousin Nell—she was but just seventeen, a mere child we all considered her—it was for Nell his letters were intended?"

"Go on," said Tom, again, but this time it was more gently.

"It was awfully mortifying to find that I had opened, and worse still, responded to the letters of a lover who wasn't my lover at all. They were directed to Miss E. Burton, but then we never called my cousin Eleanor anything but Nell, and so I had unhesitatingly appropriated Mr. Browne's effusions, I was ashamed to tell anyone of my mistake, and quite thankful—though it sounds unfeeling—when my grandfather's sudden illness recalled us all to town. I thought she should never see Mr. Browne again, and no one need ever know the story of my foolish mistake; but it hasn't ended there, and that's why I'm so unhappy."

"Do you think Nell has pined for her lost admirer?"

"I did not then. She was so young and so shy that it never entered my head; but I think so now; and that I may have blighted her life. Oh, Tom! now shall I make amends if I have?"

"By acting promptly on your idea of having her here; so send for her to-morrow. By George! I'll go off by first train and fetch her. Kiss me, my darling, and leave the rest to me. If my dear old friend Browne should call before I return with Nell——"

"Oh, don't say I must confess that wretched blunder to him! How could I ever look him in the face again?"

"No, no. Did I not bid you leave it all to me? Tell him nothing, except that he can write me down an ass, if he likes."

"See! it is morning!" exclaimed Em, pointing to one of the windows.

"And the most unhappy night I ever spent in my life ends in the dawn of a sunny morrow. Kiss me once more, my dearest wife, and say you have forgiven me."

And Em, though she wondered what dear Tom could mean, meekly obeyed.

## Bric-a-Brac.

THE SIAMESE.—The Siamese have great regard for odd numbers, and insist on having an odd number of windows, doors, and rooms in their houses and temples. There must be an odd number of steps in the stairs and an odd number of feet in the height of all steeples and minarets.

TRADE PROCESS.—The oldest secret trade process now in existence is in all probability either that method of inlaying the hardest steel with gold and silver, which seems to have been practiced at Damascus ages ago, and is still known only to the Syrian smiths and their pupils, or else the manufacture of Chinese red or vermillion.

VIOLINS.—There is really but one place in the world where violins are made extensively. That place is Markneukirchen, with its surrounding villages, in Germany. There are altogether about fifteen thousand people living there who do nothing but make violins. The inhabitants, from the little urchin to the old gray-headed man, the small girl and the old grandmother, all are engaged in making some part of a fiddle.

THE JUMPING JACK.—The jumping-jack is by no means an invention of to-day, for the early Egyptian children had it among their playthings. In the Leyden Museum there is a capital little figure of a man working away, either as a currier or a baker. There is a sloping block before him. You pull the string, and the figure moves, the hands keeping on the slope of the block.

EGG-SHELLS.—The employment of egg-shells for ornamental purposes is extremely ancient. A MS., in the Harleian collection represents a number of egg shells ornamented in the most elegant and costly manner. Miniatures were often painted upon egg shells with extreme care, and shells thus curiously decorated became valuable and highly-esteemed presents. In Venice young nobleman frequently lavished large sums of money upon portraits painted within egg shells intended as presents.

SPONGES.—Certain sponges bore into shells, especially those of the oyster, finally causing them to crumble to pieces. On the American coast one, it is known, not only destroys the shells of oysters, mussels and scallops, but has even been known to penetrate one or two inches into hard marble. It has been uncertain whether this effect is mechanical or due to the solvent effect of some acid, but M. Lateillier has lately shown the French Academy that a purely mechanical action suffices.

UNLUCKY DAYS.—Prospective brides may be interested to learn that there are thirty-two days in the year on which it is unlucky to marry, according to the authority of a manuscript dated in the fifteenth century. These days are January first, second, fourth, fifth, seventh, tenth, fifteenth; February sixth, seventh, thirteenth; March first, sixth, eighth; April sixth, eleventh; May fifth, sixth, seventh; June seventh, fifteenth; July fifth, nineteenth; August fifteenth, nineteeth; September sixth, seventh; October sixth; November fifteenth, sixteenth; and December fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth. Consequently January is the worst month and October the best month in all the year for marriage.

## IN SILKEN CHAINS.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

She passed her hand over his suddenly dimmed eyes, then read—

"My Lord,—I have seen your advertisement, and I hope to reach Chesney Chase on Tuesday next. LECHMERE."

There was no date, no address heading.

Madge let the note fall in her lap, and sat looking straight before her, with a fast-beating heart. The earl took up the note and patted her arm.

"You were right, after all," he said, trying to speak calmly, but with considerable suppressed excitement. "It is singular—most singular. We have advertised before; we advertised soon after he ran away, and a year later. I wonder where he has been hiding! Tuesday! This is Saturday. I wonder what time he will come. By the mail I expect. He would get here by dinner time. He must have altered. Of course—of course! He was only a lad; he is a man now. Tuesday!"

He was silent for a minute or so, during which Madge tried to realize that Norman was actually coming home—that she should see him again.

"Tuesday!" said the earl, as if to himself. "There must be someone to meet him." He laughed grimly. "A killing of the fatted calf. Child," he turned to Madge, "you must be there to receive him."

"I! Oh, no, my lord," Madge faltered.

"Yes, yes!" he said sharply. "But for you he would not have been found. You shall be there; and I will get Maude—I mean Lady Delamoor—and Sybil." He smiled thoughtfully. "He may change his mind now that he is a man. It was a piece of boyish obstinacy and folly, nothing more. I was hard, too hard with him, Madge! We shall see! Yes, all will come right." He looked up and round the garden in a confused fashion, then pressed his hand to his forehead.

"Did he say Tuesday, child?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Madge.

"Yes, yes; and you will be there to meet him?"

"If you wish it," she assented in a low voice.

"I do! I do!" he said.

At this moment Mr. Gordon entered the garden. The earl called to him.

"Come here, Gordon."

The old gentleman stopped and looked from one to the other with mild surprise.

"Gordon, my nephew Norman is coming home. He has been traveling round the world, you know. They take longer for it now than we used to do, and he has been away some time; but he is coming back on Tuesday. Gordon, I want your little girl"—he put his hand on Madge's arm as if she were indeed a child—"to come up to the house and dine that night. It will seem dull and lonely for a young man if I am all alone there. I will ask Lady Delamoor and Sybil——" He ran off into an unintelligible murmur.

Mr. Gordon looked surprised, and slightly troubled, and his eyes sought Madge's but hers were downcast; so finding no guidance there he blinked helplessly at the earl.

"Madge is not accustomed, my lord——" he began.

The earl looked up absently, and when he had comprehended waved his hand with the old imperious gesture.

"She must come," he said. "It is she who has found him. She shall be there to welcome him." He got up, his thick brows weaving spasmodically. "There is no time to lose. I must send the invitations at once. Maude—Sybil——" and still murmuring under his breath left the garden.

The next day the whole place was in a state of excitement. The long-missing Lord Norman, the heir to The Chase, was coming home. Men and women talked of nothing else, and groups gathered in the village street and filled the ale-houses discussing the news. What would the young man—whom some few had seen on his visit to the Chase and remembered—be like? Where had he been, and was he coming back to stay?

And the excitement was not confined to the village folk, but shared by the neighboring gentry, for the earl had not confined his invitations to Lady Delamoor and Sybil, but had also asked several of the other county families. "To meet my nephew, Lord Lechmere," his note had said, and no invitation had ever created so much excitement in the locality.

There was some talk amongst the laborers of erecting an arch, but Fletcher put a stop to the idea.

"We don't know how long he'll stay," he said, with a grin to one of the tenants. "You and your arch would look awkward if he and the earl quarreled in half an hour, and he was sent about his business again. Better wait and see how the wind blows."

Lady Delamoor, at The Towers, twelve miles off, received the invitation and intimation of Lord Norman's unexpected return with languid surprise.

"There is some news for you, Sybil," she said, tossing the note to Lady Sybil, who was lying on a couch beside the fire, a feathered screen waving to and fro in her white, bejeweled hand.

A faint flush rose to the girl's delicately-fair face.

"I suppose you will go, mamma?" she said after she had read the note twice.

"Yes; oh, yes," replied Lady Delamoor, looking at the fire for a moment. Then she raised her eyes to Sybil's face thoughtfully.

"You remember him, I suppose, dear?" she said.

"Oh, perfectly,," replied Sybil. "It would be very strange if I had forgotten him." The blue eyes flashed.

Lady Delamoor twisted the note in her fingers.

"I—wonder if he is married?" she said softly.

Lady Sybil smiled scornfully.

"Very probably," she said.

"He is very young yet," remarked Lady Delamoor.

Lady Sybil shrugged her shoulders.

"Don't young men who run away and hide themselves in the colonies, or wherever it is they go, always marry? And isn't it always some servant-maid or negress? You may be sure he is married, mamma."

Lady Delamore leant back, and surveyed the fire with half-closed eyes.

"I—don't know. He may not be; and if he is not——"

Lady Sybil did not affect ignorance of her meaning.

"We shall see, mamma," she said.

When the Tuesday arrived—and it came at times quickly and at others slowly for Madge—she put on the pretty dress she had worn at the harvest ball, and, accompanied as far as the hall by her grandfather, reached the Chase as the clock struck eight.

The hall was flooded with light; the servants were in full livery, carriages were coming up and driving round to the stables; an air of excitement and unwonted stir and bustle throbbed through the whole place.

Madge's heart beat fast, and she longed to turn back, but her grandfather encouraged her with a whispered word or two as he left her.

"Don't be frightened, my dear. It will soon be over."

As she entered the hall Madge saw some of the ladies who had spoken to her at the ball, and Lady Ferndale extended her hand and smiled kindly.

"How do you do, Miss Gordon?" she said.

Before Madge could return the greeting the earl came forward. He was in evening dress, and carried his usually bent form straight and proudly. There was a light in his eyes and a flush on his thin worn cheek which made him look ten years younger than he had done a week ago.

"Ah, child!" he said, putting his hand on her shoulder, "you have come."

Then he seemed to remember that they were not alone, and that a more formal greeting was due to her. He took her hand and led her to Lady Landon.

"This is Mr. Gordon's granddaughter," he said. "She has come with the rest of you to welcome the prodigal home."

Lady Landon saw at a glance that Madge was nervous, and said those kind words which women of her age and station can use so well when they like, and as they moved into the drawing-room the color which had left Madge's cheek stole back again.

There were about a score of persons in the magnificent room, and Madge's eyes were for a moment or two dazzled by the brilliancy of the decorations and the dresses; but presently she could look around observantly. With something like a pang she saw that Lord Norman was not there.

"Lady Delamoor, Lady Sybil!" announced a footman, and Lady Delamoor and her daughter entered. Madge instinctively shrank back, for the fair girl's haughty, languid glance seemed to rest upon her with a scornful kind of wonder, as if she had exclaimed, "How dare you breathe the same air as I?"

The earl bent over Lady Delamoor's hand.

"It is good of you to come, Maude," he said in an undertone; "and you, Sybil!"

"It was good of you to ask us," murmured Lady Delamoor in her dulcet tones. She looked round, smiling and bowing to the others. "Has Lord Lechmere arrived yet?"

"Not yet," he said quite calmly, as he offered her his arm. "It is uncertain when he will arrive. We will not wait for him."

A young squire took Madge in to dinner, and she found herself seated near the bottom of the table. It was the first time she had been at a dinner-party—to say nothing of a dinner-party at Chesney Chase—but the nervous thrill that ran through her was not caused by the unaccustomed splendor of her surroundings, or the rank and brilliance of the company. Indeed, she scarcely saw the room—the faces appeared through a mist, and the voices sounded as if from a distance. She was thinking of Lord Norman.

A vacant place had been left. It was next to Lady Sybil's chair, and Madge could not take her eyes off it. The earl, his tall figure almost as erect as an arrow, said grace, the dinner commenced. The party talked and behaved as if it were only an ordinary dinner-party; but as the courses appeared and disappeared glances were cast at the vacant chair, and then at the stately old man at the head of the table, and some of the glances expressed pity and commiseration.

The earl seemed unmoved by anger or disappointment, and talked with one and the other in a natural and unconstrained fashion; but Madge saw that the lines on his face were growing deeper, and that the thick brows were getting lower over his fierce eyes.

The conversation began to lag, and presently there fell one of those silences which are rendered more intense by contrast with the previous talk and laughter. The earl looked up and down the table with a grim smile on his face.

"My nephew is late," he said, in a voice heard by all. "I regret——"

As he spoke the door opened, and the butler, with a tremor of excitement in his voice, said—

"Lord Lechmere!"

And every eye turned towards the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## OF PERFUMERY.

THE Egyptians, who were far in advance of all other nations in everything appertaining to luxury and sensuous enjoyment, had at a very early period of their history, acquired the art of so compounding the various gums, resins and oils furnished by their fertile soil, as to make perfumes whose reputation has stood the test of three thousand years; and the profusion with which they used them, gives ample evidence of the extent of the manufacture.

The bodies of the dead were anointed and embalmed with the most pungent spices and ointments; their monarchs and priests were consecrated with fragrant oils, preserved in vases of alabaster, has come down even to our own times.

It is not strange that the Israelites, always a sensuous people, should, in their long apprenticeship in Egypt, have adopted, to a considerable extent, the luxurious tastes of their task-masters; and we find, accordingly, that the use of perfumery was very common among them.

The great Jewish Lawgiver wisely availed himself, under Divine direction, of this cultivated taste, by consecrating to the worship of Jehovah, the most costly and fragrant perfumes, and prohibiting their private use. The Tabernacle, and subsequently the Temple, were thus rendered attractive, and when the priest came forth from his ministrations, the air was filled with sweet odors.

Moses was divinely instructed to direct the preparation of two kinds of perfume, an anointing oil, to be used in the consecration of the officiating priest, in the preparation of which the rich and fragrant olive oil of Palestine was mingled, in large quantities, with cassia, myrrh, annumin and calamus; and which, when skillfully prepared, diffused a most pleasing odor; and a more solid preparation, composed mainly of the gum-resins, galbanum, stacte, onycha and frankincense, which was used to perfume the tabernacle of the congregation. When subsequently the Israelites desired a king, he, too, was anointed with the holy oil—Samuel, the High Priest as well as Prophet of his time, thus anoined both Saul and David.

At a later period, it seems to have been customary to anoint the heads of guests with these fragrant oils. In the narrative of the anointing of Christ's feet by the penitent Mary, the Saviour says to Simon—"My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment."

It was also customary for the Jews to anoint their heads when making their morning toilets; thus, the Saviour, in inculcating upon His disciples the necessity of avoiding public display in feasting, directs, "But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast;" that is, avoid any singularity of deportment, make your toilet in your accustomed manner.

Perhaps no book of the Bible throws more light upon the habits and customs of the most luxurious age of the Jewish nation than Solomon's song; and in this book, the allusions to perfumes, and odoriferous compounds, are very abundant. Some of the ingredients of these are, at the present day, unknown to us—among these are "nard" or "nerd," generally transted "spikenard" in our English version a liquid gum-resin, apparently of the richest fragrance, and of very high cost—but bearing no resemblance, and possessing no affinity, to the harmless mucilaginous vegetable, which we know by the name of spikenard.

The aloes, repeatedly mentioned in the Scripture among the fragrant drugs of the East, is also a misnomer. The wood of the "Agallochum," which is intended by the word translated aloes, is exceedingly fragrant, and was used by the Jews in embalming. The aloes of the Pharmacopeia, like most medicinal drugs, has little except its nauseous taste and smell to recommend it.

Among the most famous and highly prized of Oriental perfumes is the "attar" or oil of roses. Collected only from the Damascus rose, and requiring almost fabulous quantities of the petals of these to produce a few drops—it is, when pure, enormously expensive, and such is its pungency, that it is adulterated by the addition of many times its weight of other oils, and the fraud can hardly be detected by the most skillful connoisseur. It is sometimes found, however, in a pure state, in the shops of Constantinople, in minute bottles of crystal, containing only eight or ten drops, and bearing a price which would support in comfort a dozen country clergymen.

The improvements in Chemistry within the last sixty years, have effected a very great revolution in the manufacture of articles of perfumery. Formerly the articles sold as neroli, cedrat, orange-flower water, bergamot, lavender, verbena, etc., etc., were really distilled from the infusions of the several fruits and plants from which they derived their names; but in the progress of chemical discovery, it has been ascertained that oils or ethers of odors similar to these can be obtained by the decomposition of articles previously considered worthless; and the greater part of the perfumes which now supply the toilet of the fashionable belle, are by chemical skill educed from coal tar, the refuse of stables, and the bones and garbage of the kitchen. Fusel oil, the oleaginous constituent of common whiskey, is also an ingredient in many of these preparations.

GOOD luck does not often fall as appositely as it did the other day to a poor old Polish woman, who has been working as a rag sorter at the paper mills at Plover, Wis. Among the rags she found a tattered vest. She put her hands into the pocket, and, to her great surprise, drew out a roll of bills, amounting to $500. The proprietor of the mill told her he had no claim on the money, and she will buy a small farm with it, from which she can make a much better living for herself and children than she now gets.

INSTEAD OF TRIPLING WITH A BAD COLD use Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, which will loosen the phlegm, subdue inflammation, and certainly save your Lungs and Throat much dangerous wear and tear.

# Scientific and Useful.

CHALK.—Chalk mixed with water-glass forms, on drying, a very compact stone as hard as marble.

FLYING.—Secretary Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, who is now working with aero-planes, says he will not complete his present experiments for a month or so. He does not believe, however, that he will be able to fly for many years.

HORSES.—A writer says that, whenever a horse driven by him has jibbed, he has got out of his carriage, gone to the horse's fore-foot, lifted it from the ground, and struck the shoe a few blows with a stone. He has never failed to start a jibbing horse in this very simple way.

PARSNIP WATER.—The water in which parsnips have been boiled, passed through a sieve, with three pounds of loaf sugar and half an ounce of crude tartar to a gallon, then fermented at 75 degrees with some yeast for four days, then tunned, is equal to Malmsey after a few months.

WINDOW GLASS.—A peculiar substitute for window glass known as "tectorium," is stated to have been for some time employed in Austria, Italy, Germany, Switzerland and Russia as a covering for hothouses, marquees, verandas, windows of factories, roofs of stores, etc. It is a special, insoluble, bichromated gelatine, transiucent as opal glass and incorporated in wire gauze.

LIGHT AND SOUND.—While Nikola Tesla is struggling, and as he believes successfully, with the invaluable problem of the far distant transmission of electricity as light, a Swedish inventor, who bears the American-honored name of Ericsson, has seemingly solved the no less important matter of the most distinct long-distance transmission of electricity as sound. In the recent test of the Ericsson telephone transmitter at Memphis, Ala., the sound of a voice was clearly brought over a circuit representing the resistance of 1500 miles of wire. A new era in industrial and social history is apparently about to dawn.

# Farm and Garden.

GRAIN.—Ground grain is better for young animals than the whole grain, and with the use of a geared windmill the grinding of the grain is but a small item of cost.

CARBOLIC ACID.—Crude carbolic acid will emulsify with hard soap, the same as does kerosene. The emulsion may be absorbed with sawdust, which is then easily applied in the stalls or wherever sawdust can be sprinkled.

MILK.—Skimmed milk or buttermilk answers as well for young pigs as the whole milk, especially if ground oats and ground wheat are added to the milk, so as to make a thin mush. With warm quarters such food will make the pigs grow rapidly.

AGRICULTURE.—Agricultural subjects are lectured upon in some of the English schools, and the result has been very satisfactory. Children are taught to read and learn of many matters connected with farming that are different from the practical teachings on the farm.

FEEDING.—It has been demonstrated that the feeding of wheat is just what the farmers should have done long ago. Farmers who had intended to discard wheat now believe that it pays to grow it for stock. It is considered superior to other foods, especially if ground or cracked.

ASHES.—Coal ashes contain nothing of value as a fertilizer, being about equal to clay in that respect. They are serviceable, however, as they may be sifted and used in the dust-boxes for poultry, the coarser portions being thrown on garden walks or pathways, for which purposes they are excellent.

THE WORKBENCH.—A workbench in one corner of the barn, or in some suitable place, would enable farmers, in winter, to mend many articles not requiring the skill of a carpenter or blacksmith. Tools that require but slight repair could be put in good order for spring work during the winter months.

## THE THREE ROSES.

BY E. C. W.

Roses sweet, I hold you sadly
Here in my hand at set of sun;
And I scarce can see you, roses treasured,
For the tears that gather one by one.

Shy pink petals tipped with blushes,
Out in the garden kissed by dew,
Long years ago in Summer weather
A fair sweet maiden gathered you—

Whispered shy to your heart of perfume,
"Rose, dear rose, there is one more sweet;
Out with you in the moonlit garden,
I wait the sound of his coming feet."

Pure white bud, now sere and withered,
Mournfully droop your petals brown,
Years ago, in the time of roses
Fair you shone in a bridal crown.

Blood-red rose, with tears and praying
I laid you once on a silent bed.
Child, you sing of the time of roses—
Oh, pass, and leave me with my dead!

# A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

THERE is not probably a better horseman, a cooler and more expert whip in England than Dane. He has a hand that can be, as occasion requires, as soft as velvet or as hard as steel, and his nerves are completely under control. Given a goodish road, with no nasty turns or corners, a pair of bolting horses, well and strongly harnessed, would not ordinary trouble him in the least; but to-night the conditions are scarcely fair. He has a pair of young, high-mettled, underworked horses, a light wagon with three women in it, and a broken trace. The road, though straight for a mile, is narrow and edged with trees, and there is the not-too-broad gateway at the bottom of the hill.

Dane has a great belief in the influence of the human voice over the equine temper, and when he is out riding or driving alone is wont to converse pretty freely with his horse. Sometimes a quiet "Now then, old lady!" will do more of soothing than any amount of whip. So now, as he gets a tight grip of the reins, and brings a steady, iron-like pressure to bear upon the horses, he speaks a few words quietly and remonstratingly.

"Gently, my dears, gently! What's the matter, old man? No hurry, Peter; steady!"

But while he is talking the broken trace is skipping along the ground and flapping like a three thronged whip against Peter's side; and Peter declines to listen to reason, and he and his companion race madly along, the trees flying by, as they fly by the windows of the Scotch express.

For a moment or two there is a dead silence, then Mrs. Leslie utters a faint cry and rises, clutching the back of the wagon.

"Oh, Lord Dane, they have run away!" she gasps.

Though Dane does not turn his head, he sees her.

"I know that," he says; "sit down at once and keep quiet," and there is the grim sternness in his voice which comes into that of the man who hold the lives of others—and women! in his hands.

Mrs. Leslie sinks into her seat and grips Lady Theodosia's arm.

"We shall be killed," she says in a tone of despair.

Lady Theodosia, very pale, but with her lips tightly closed, as if she would rather die than call out, glances at her and then at Martin Fanshawe.

"We shall be all right; Dane will stop them presently," she says in a low voice. "He is very strong."

"A trace has broken," says Martin Fanshawe. He, too, is rather pale, but there is no look of fear in his eyes.

"Can you help him?" suggests Lady Theodosia.

Martin Fanshawe leans forward to Dane.

"Can I do anything, Lord Dane?" he asks quietly.

"Yes," replied Dane; "keep the ladies in their seats. Keep them there whatever happens. But we shall be all right directly."

Lyra says not a words. She is pale, also, but she looks down at the wild, tearing horses with a bright and steady eye. Faith will move mountains; and her faith in Dane is strong enough to dispel all fear. Now and again she glances at his face, with its set lips and stern eyes, with its jowl squared by the tightly set teeth; and as she looks she almost loses sense of their common peril. Strength, courage, these are the qualities women love in men; and strength and courage are personified in the man who sits beside her, keeping the grip of a Hercules on the terror-stricken horses.

Down the hill they went, the gravel gliding from under their hoofs, their breath rising like steam in the moonlight from their distended nostrils. "How much longer will he be able to keep them straight?" she asks herself, not in a paroxysm of terror, but with a strange sense of calmness, almost amounting to indifference. "What will happen? Will the carriage, which is swaying like a ship in a heavy sea, strike the trunk of one of the trees and overturn, or will the horses fall?" It is almost as if she had lost all sense of her own share in the common risk, or as if she were merely playing the part of a safe though interested spectator.

As they approach the narrow gateway and that awkward bend in the road he glances at her, a simple scrutinizing glance, and says—

"Are you holding on tight?"

"Yes," she replies quietly, and, as he notices, without a quaver or tremor in her voice.

"That's right; stick on, whatever happens—unless I tell you to jump."

"Yes," she responds obediently.

"This is almost as bad as the Yaw at spring flood," he murmurs. "Do you remember?"

The color comes into her face, but she does not reply. Does she remember? Is it likely that she has ever forgotten, will ever forget?

"Look round and tell me if they are all sitting down," he says presently.

She looks over her shoulder. Mrs. Leslie is gripping the seat, Lady Theodosia is holding on with one hand, and—yes—Mr. Martin Fanshawe has hold of the other.

"They are quite still, and sitting down," she says.

"That's all right," he says, with his favorite formula. "Now if I can keep them straight through this gate—if they don't shy—can you do something if I want you to, Lyra?"

Even in that moment of deadly peril she notices that he calls her by her Christian name, and it makes her heart bound.

"I will try," she answers quietly.

"Right; take the whip out from the socket behind me; I can't spare a hand."

She leans behind him and gets the whip.

"When I say 'now,' give the off-horse—the right-hand one you know——"

"I know."

"Give him a good cut from the outside. I want to keep him close to the other, so that we may clear the gate-posts. See?"

"I see," she says, as calmly as even he could desire; and she raises the whip in readiness.

They near the gate, and Mrs. Leslie utters a faint moan.

"The gate!" she gasps. "We shall overturn there!"

Dane sets his lips tightly, and gets a renewed grip of the reins.

"Ready?" he asks, between his teeth. "Now then!"

Lyra has been mentally rehearsing since she received her orders, and, with a very fair imitation of her master, she swings the lash and whips the off-horse across the back from right to left. The terrified animal instinctively sweeps up to the pole, and the pair carry the carriage clear of the posts.

"Bravo!" he says, almost inaudibly. "What pluck you've got! You've saved us this time. Hold on tight, and I'll have them in hand in another minute or two. Don't be afraid."

The few simple words of praise make her heart throb with happiness and pride. As far as she is concerned, the horses may run till this time to-morrow night—may race on for ever. Danger—death may be near, but all sense of it is swallowed up in the thrill those words of his have sent through her veins.

"I am not afraid," she says; then, in justice, she adds, "nor are the others, excepting, perhaps, Mrs. Leslie, and she is only a little. Oh, look there!" she breaks off.

Right ahead of them, and some way across the road, is an empty wagon; the horse is out and grazing by the hedge, the driver has either left the cart, or is sleeping inside.

Dane looks, and for the first time gives vent to bad language.

"That floors us," he says, between his teeth. "There is only just room to pass if the horses were going quietly, with the harness all sound. Now listen," he goes on quickly. "I shan't try to pass. I'm going to turn 'em, if I can, up that bank in the hope that the pole will break. Sit tight unless I tell you to jump." Then he says, loud enough to be heard by the others—"Sit still, and don't be afraid."

They near the wagon. At the sound of the tearing horses a man, evidently startled from sleep, opens the tilted cover, stares at them, then leaps out, but stands hesitating, confused, and afraid.

"Don't touch them!" shouts Dane, quite unnecessarily, and, as he speak, with a tremendous tug and pressure he turns the horses towards the bank. If the reins hold they must go. The reins do hold, and bluderingly they rush and stumble up the slope, and fall in a confused heap of horses and harness into the ditch. The carriage sways; if the pole will only break it will keep upright after all. But unfortunately the pole is a good one, and stands the strain, and the next moment the wagon, which seems like an empty matchbox for lightness, topples over.

Just as it goes, Dane says swiftly, sharply, "Jump!" and Lyra, as if every muscle were waiting on his command, obeys.

She stumbles forward on her knees, but instantly regains her feet, and looks around. Lord Dane has already unslipped the other trace, and is getting the horse clear of the pit. He glances up at her with

a quick apprehensive look; then seeing that she is unhurt, nods, and resumes his task.

Then Lyra looks for the rest. Still in the wagon, and clinging like grim death, is Mrs. Leslie, evidently safe and uninjured; a few yards off, in the road, lies Mr. Martin Fanshawe, and he lies very still and quiet; beside him, on one knee, is Lady Theodosia, bending over him with white, lugubrious face.

Lyra goes quickly down the bank to them.

"Oh, is he hurt?" she asks anxiously; but Lady Theodosia does not seem to hear her, does not even remove her eyes from the clergyman's white face.

Lyra kneels down on the other side of him.

"Is he hurt?" she says again. "Did he fall out? What shall we do?" and she looks round helplessly.

Lord Dane, with language quite unfit for publication, but with a certain coolness, is endeavoring to make the alarmed and conscience-stricken carter of some use, and between them they have got the horses on their feet.

"Now hold 'em tight and lead them out of sight of the carriage. Don't look like a boiled turnip, you blockhead! Do you think they are going to eat you? Whoa, Peter."

Then he lifts Mrs. Leslie out of the wagon and sets her on her feet, as he had done the horses.

"You're all right," he says cheerfully. "You are, indeed; but I'm afraid they're come to grief over there. Don't you mind; you sit still for a few minutes."

"What is the matter?" he asks, bending over the prostrate man. "Here, let me unfasten his collar," and he too kneels.

But with a strange, sudden gesture, Lady Theodosia appears to be conscious of their presence. With one hand she lifts the head of the unconscious man, and with the other wards off Dane's proferred assistance.

"No, no!" she says in a dry, trembling voice. "Don't touch him! I will do it!—I will do it!"

Then as she unfastened his collar, and she saw a splash of blood on her hand where it had touched the back of his head, she uttered a low cry of terror and anguish.

"He is killed! he is killed!" she wails. "Oh, Martin, Martin!"

Lord Dane starts and draws back, gazing at her sternly.

"Dosie!" he says warningly.

"Is he dead? Tell me!" she pants, disregarding his tone and manner, and seeming utterly reckless in her terror and grief. "Tell me the truth! See, he doesn't breathe——"

"Hush, hush!" he says, his lips tightly set. "He is not dead. Collect yourself."

"Are you sure?"

She has her eyes fixed on the face that rests on her arm—is pressed, indeed, to her palpitating bosom.

"You are not deceiving me! Oh, Dane, tell me the truth! I—I love him!"

Dane's face goes white. He lays his hand on her shoulder and grasps it not cruelly, but firmly.

"There is no need to tell us that," he says sternly, with grim irony. "Control yourself."

Then he turns to Lyra without looking at her.

"Take this handkerchief to the ditch," he says quietly, in the tone of a man who knows that he will meet with prompt obedience.

She takes the handkerchief and springs to the ditch; but when she comes back Lady Theodosia takes it from her hand, and herself bathes Martin Fanshawe's forehead. Dane has got him upon his knee, and has examined the wound at the side of the head.

"He struck a stone," he says, more to himself than the others.

"Yes," wails Lady Theodosia, "it was in trying to save me. It is my fault! I have killed him. Oh! Martin, Martin!"

Lord Dane puts his hand on her shoulder again.

"Be silent," he says in a low, stern voice. "You are not alone, Theodosia."

But she does not heed him—seems, indeed, scarcely to hear him, or at any rate understand.

"He tried to warn me, to keep me from falling out," she says in the same long unconscious moan. "It is always of others that he thinks first, never of himself! There is no one in the world like him. Ah!"

She breaks off with a long trembling breath of joy and hope as Martin Fanshawe opens his eyes.

Lord Dane nods at Lyra, who stands pale and aghast, simply overwhelmed by the revelation of Lady Theodosia's secret. "Take her away," he says huskily.

"Come with me, Lady Theodosia," she says, bending over her, "he is all right. See!"

Lady Theodosia looks up at her with wild eyes, as if she does not recognize her for a moment; then she puts her hand to her head, and looks at Dane—a strange questioning gaze; then rises, and resting on Lyra's arm, withdraws a few paces, but still looking over her shoulder at the injured man.

"Are you sure he is recovering?" she asks—demands rather. "He opened his eyes, did he not? It was not my fancy? Did he speak?"

"Not yet," says Lyra. "But I don't think he is much hurt, Lady Theodosia."

"How do you know, how can you tell?" retorts Lady Theodosia half fiercely, in a tone and manner so unlike her ordinary way that Lyra, even at this moment, asks herself if this can really be the same woman, the calm, self-possessed Lady Theodosia of a few hours, minutes, ago!

"Lord Dane is helping him up; he is standing pretty well," she says.

Lady Theodosia by a glance assures herself of the truth of this statement, then allows Lyra to lead her to the bank's side, sinks down and holds her hands over her face for a moment or two, and Lyra sees her lips move, as if in prayer; then she looks up.

"What—what have I said?" she asks in a whisper.

Lyra averts her eyes.

"Never mind now," she replies soothingly. "You—you were upset and frightened; you did not know what you were saying."

A faint flush came into Lady Theodosia's face.

"Tell me what I said," she demands.

Lyra's face grew hot."

"Oh, I cannot," she murmurs.

Lady Theodosia looks down at the ground.

"Did—did he hear me?" she asks.

Lyra is silent for a moment.

Lady Theodosia's face grew almost as red as Lyra's, and she sighs.

"I thought he was dead," she says. "I—I did not know he could hear; but—but it would have been all the same."

"I—I thought you meant Lord Dane," says Lyra, "Mr. Fanshawe did not hear; he was unconscious."

Lady Theodosia draws a breath of relief.

"I meant Mar—Mr. Fanshawe," she says in a low voice. "Go and see whether he is hurt, and come and tell me; be quick, please."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

LORD DANE and Martin Fanshawe are standing a little apart, the former leaning against a tree, the latter, with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, looking straight before him.

The first word that leaves Martin Fanshawe's lips when he can speak is Lady Theodosia's name.

"Lady—Theodosia!" he says. "Is she hurt? Where is she?"

"She is all right; neither she nor the other ladies are injured," replies Dane, with a slight emphasis on "the other ladies."

Martin Fanshawe draws a breath of relief, very much as Lady Theodosia had done.

"Thank you," he says in a low voice. "I thought she fell. I remember——"

"She says you saved her, somehow or other," remarks Dane briefly.

"Did I? I cannot be too thankful if I did," murmurs Martin Fanshawe. "You are not hurt, I hope, Lord Dane?"

"Oh! I'm all right," says Dane. "We should have got through the performance without an upset if it had not been for that confounded wagon."

As he speaks Lyra comes up.

"Lady Theodosia wishes to know if Mr. Fanshawe is better," she says with downcast eyes.

Martin Fanshawe colors.

"Yes, yes, thank you. I will come to her," and he goes towards her as quickly as he can.

Dane stands for a moment still looking before him in silence, then he says—

"Nobody has asked if you are hurt," he says, with a side glance at her.

It seems as if he dared not look her straight in the face, lest she should read the deep joy of freedom that glows in his eyes.

"There is no need," she says, avoiding his eyes as he avoids hers. "It is so evident that I am quite sound."

He looks over his shoulder at the group behind them.

"They have to be got home somehow," he says.

"Why should we not drive?" she suggests. "The horses are quite quiet now, are they not?"

He laughed gravely.

"Quiet as two dead mice," he says. "But nothing would induce Mrs. Leslie to get into that wagonette again, even if there were no horses to it."

"Can I not walk on to Castle Towers and send a carriage?"

"No, you cannot," he retorts curtly. "As you appear to be the only one who has not lost her head, you must stay and look after them. I will go back to Starminster." He takes a step or two, then stops, and for a moment looks at her full in the face. "Lyra—Miss Chester, I must speak to you to-night."

She does not answer, and as he cannot trust himself to say another word he walks towards the horses. She sees him remove all the harness from one of them, excepting the head-stall and bearing reins, and the next moment he is riding it, bare-backed, in the direction of the Hall.

"Good gracious!" exclaims Mrs. Leslie, "What is Lord Dane doing?"

"Going for a carriage," explains Lyra.

"Oh, not for me! I could not enter anything on wheels again to-night. I had a

presentiment something was going to happen, when those dreadful horses plunged so at starting. Is my bonnet straight? I feel as if I was standing on my head. How provokingly cool and tidy you look, my dear. Poor Mr. Fanshawe, I wonder whether he has broken any bones."

Lyra glances over to the bank where Lady Theodosia and he are sitting and says nothing. "I'll walk on," says Mrs. Leslie. "No, you must not come. You must stay with Lady Theodosia; I shall be quite safe; indeed, I would rather meet fifty tramps and footpads than ride behind anything on legs again to-night. Oh, dear, why is it people take a delight in driving wild horses." And vainly endeavoring to "settle" her mashed bonnet she walks on down the road.

Lyra does not join the other two, but seats herself at the foot of a big fir tree, and tries to think. She is still endeavoring to realize what happened, Lady Theodosia's frenzied, passionate, "I love him! I love him!" is still ringing in her ears when she sees a carriage and pair coming quickly, but steadily enough down the road, and in another minute Lord Dane is at her side.

"Get them in," he says gravely, as if she and he were in charge of a pair of children, or lunatics; and while the rest are entering the carriage he superintends the two grooms whom he has brought in the work of setting the overturned carriage on its wheels, and re-harnessing the horses. Then he gets on the box of the carriage, and the coachman drives off.

Scarcely a word is spoken by the three inside on the way to Castle Towers. Lady Theodosia leans far back in her corner, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes either closed or fixed before her, with a far-away look. Martin Fanshawe, his impressive face still rather pale, his usually immaculate collar crushed and bloodstained, gazes out of the window, with a grave perturbed regard; and Lyra leans back in her corner as far as she can go, and still tries to realize the tremendous purport of the scene she has participated in.

When they reach Castle Towers Lady Theodosia alights, and without a word to the others walks into the hall. There she stops, and, addressing Lyra, says—

"Will you ask Lord Dane if he will come to me in the library?"

At the library door she pauses and looks at Martin Fanshawe, opens her lips, as if to speak, but says nothing and passes in.

"In the library? All right," says Dane in response to Lyra, and with an obviously forced carelessness. "Fanshawe, you had better get a wash and something to drink. I will join you presently."

"Thank you, no," says Martin Fanshawe. "But I will wait a little while. I should like to speak—I have something I wish to say to you, Lord Dane."

Dane nods and enters the library. As he closes the door behind him Lady Theodosia rises from the chair into which she had sunk, and stands before him. She is very pale, and her usually firm lips quiver; but the grave eyes meet him with a steadfast, unflinching courage—the courage of a good true woman, who has made the discovery that her heart has played her false.

"Dane," she says, and her voice, though low and trembling, is clear and distinct enough. "I—I think you know what it is I have to say—to confess."

He stands regarding her silently with something like pity, something still more like sympathy in his handsome eyes; and not a little of admiration. Yes, this little woman, who was to have been his wife, is as base as a Red Indian.

"Dane," she goes on. "You—you heard what I said out in the road?"

He inclines his head. She puts her hand to her lips to steady them.

"I—I was scarcely conscious of what I was saying."

"I know that," he says very gently.

She looks up at him.

"Yes; but—but it was true."

"I know that too," he says, with a nod.

"It was true. It is shameful, it is terrible; but it is true. Dane, I have broken faith with you, I have been false to you to you. I"—she bites her lips—"I do love him. But"—she goes on quickly, desperately, before he can speak—"but I did not know it till to-night. You will believe this, Dane? You will not think me so base, so unworthy, so treacherous as I should be if I had known what—what his danger and my terror revealed to me?"

"I believe you, Dosie," he says gently.

She regards him with faint, sad surprise. She had expected to have to meet his reproaches, perhaps his fury.

"And—and you forgive me?" she whispers almost inaudibly.

He crosses the room and put his arms round her, and looks down into her sad "good" eyes, into which his gentleness has brought sudden tears.

"My poor Dosie!" he says, and he kisses her on the forehead—a brother's, a father's kiss. "My poor little Dosie! Do you think I wanted you to say all this, to eat humble pie, and make full confession? Why no, I saw it all, understood it all, in a moment, and—and I forgave you then. Forgave!" and his voice is full of self reproach. "For God's sake don't use that word—I who need your forgiveness quite as much, ever so much, more than you need mine. If you knew all——"

She stops him with a gesture.

"I—I think I have long guessed, known that you did not love me, Dane," she says.

He bites his lips, and looks down quite as penitently as she had done. It is his turn now.

"Yes, I felt it; but I did not know that—that there was someone else. There is someone else, Dane?" she asks—asserts rather, in a very low voice.

He colors swiftly, and nods.

"There is, Dosie," he says. "Don't ask who it is; don't ask anything. I can't tell you yet, but I will presently; soon, please God. I—I think you will be surprised. But that's enough. All's said and understood between us, isn't it?"

"Yes," she says rather sadly; for what woman likes to yield up the man who has belonged to her, though she loves him not, nor he her. "Yes, I—I'm afraid the earl——"

He laughs shortly.

"The guv'nor will have to put up with it," he says. "Anyway, he can't expect you to marry me when you are in love—"

"Don't!" she murmurs, hanging her head. "You—you forget that he"—of course she means Martin Fanshawe; he is the "he" for the rest of her life—"he does not—may not——"

Dane laughs again.

"My dear Dosie, the poor fellow loves the very ground you tread upon! Why, the very first words he said when he came to were 'Lady Theodosia.' 'There!" and he pats her on the shoulder, "make your mind easy. It will come all right, please God. Now, you get off to bed, and I'll get something to drink and make for home. Good night, Dosie." He kisses her again, then laughs.

"I say, you've forgotten one thing," he says.

"Yes; what is that?" she says, lifting her still shame-dimmed eyes to his.

"You haven't offered to be a sister to me. It is the usual request on these occasions, isn't it?"

She puts her arms round him now, and standing on tiptoe sets her trembling lips against his cheeks.

"Ah! Dane dear," she murmurs, "it isn't necessary. Dane, you—you have been very good to me." Her eyes fill with tears. "I—I thought you would be sure to—to swear at me at the very least,"

"All right," he says cheerfully; "I'll do it still if it will make you feel easier in your conscience. But if I do you must swear back again, for I deserve it quite as much as you do."

She shakes her head, slips from his arms, and goes out by the opposite door, and he draws himself up, gives himself a shake, and with a long breath returns to the hall.

The Rev. Martin Fanshawe is pacing up and down the hall, the thin "intellectual" hand tightly clasped behind his back, his face pale and set.

"Come in here," says Dane. "Or let us go outside, eh?"

They go on to the terrace, and Dane links his arm in the lean but muscular one of the young parson; but Martin Fanshawe releases himself.

"If—if you knew what I have to say, Lord Dane, I am afraid you would not be so friendly."

"Oh," says Dane cheerily, "think so?"

"Lord Dane," says Martin, facing him as bravely as Theodosia had done, "I have to make a confession to you. I will do so in the fewest possible words, and then—then I will leave myself in your hands."

Dane smiles grimly.

"No thanks. You would be too large a baby to carry. Or do you mean that you want to come over to France and fight a duel with me? Beg pardon, though, I forgot; that's a luxury you are debarred from. My dear fellow, you can spare yourself your confession. You love Lady Theodosia."

Martin Fanshawe starts and crimsons, but he meets his companion's eyes steadily for a moment, then his head drops.

"Yes, Lord Dane, I love her. I have loved her——"

Dane nods.

"Ever since you first saw her. I know."

"You know? Ah! but Lord Dane, you must know that—that I would rather have died than reveal that love. I was going away from here, lest some unwary, look, or word of mine should betray it. I had arranged to do so, to leave here as soon as possible. But—but—to-night, I learnt——" He stops, then he looks Dane straight in the face—"Lord Dane, was I still unconscious—did I dream that—that—I heard her say——"

Dane puts his hand upon his shoulder. "You had better ask her that question, my dear fellow," he says.

A light, a joyous light flashes into the young man's grave eyes, and his breath comes fast.

"Then it was true?" he murmurs. Then aloud he says, "And—and—you tell me to go to her—you give me permission? Lord Dane, I—I do not understand."

"Sounds rather generous and Quixotic, doesn't it?" he says slowly. "Make your mind easy, my dear fellow, I am neither the one nor the other. I don't, as a rule, worse luck to me, yield what I want myself. If"—he pauses, and then goes on in a low voice, and slowly—"if I wanted Dosie as badly as you do, I should be quite ready to go over to France with you, or have it out here on the terrace with or without pistols. Have I said enough?"

Martin Fanshawe gasps in silence for a moment, then he holds out his hand.

"I—I think I understand," he says, "but I want to think it over—to realize. It—it seems too good to be true."

"Good luck always does," remarks Dane laconically. "Yes, you go home and bathe your head. I haven't asked yet whether you've broken it or not, but I don't think you have. You go home and think it over; and to-morrow—well, take my advice and ask Lady Theodosia whether you were still off your head, or really heard what you fancied you heard her say. There, off with you! Good night!"

He stands and watches the young parson as he strides across the lawn; then he begins to pace up and down, smoking furiously.

Is it true that he is free; that the shackles have fallen from his long-fettered limbs? Free to—to tell Lyra that he still loves her, to make her his wife! His wife! The word sends the blood—never very sluggish—rushing madly through his veins. His wife! He laughs a laugh of half wild exultation and stretches out his arms, as might a prisoner from whom the jailor has just knocked off the chains. Lyra, his Lyra! His! He leans over the marble rail of the terrace and looks out on to the moonlit gardens, but seeing them not. It is a slim graceful figures he sees, standing rod in hand beside the stream in the Yaw Valley.

A shadow falling beside him startles him from dreamland, and turning he sees a figure—her figure—passing the drawing-room window. He turns and strides to it and calls her.

She starts, and utters a faint cry of alarm, then stands, but ready to fly.

"Lyra!" he says, and quiet as his voice is there is a subtle ring of joy in it. "Lyra!"

She does not move—indeed, she seems to shrink from him, and he takes her hand and draws her gently but irresistibly out on to the terrace beside him.

He holds her there a moment, looking into her face, waiting for her downcast eyes to rise that he may look into them, into the soul beneath.

"Lyra," he says at last, "I am free! Free! But you know that! You heard what she said! You know it all! You know how I love you! By heaven!" his voice trembling, "I scarcely know whether I am awake or dreaming! As he said, it seems too good to be true! Free! Lyra, do you love me a little? Do you love me well enough to be—my wife?"

She stands as far off as she can from him, her heart beating wildly with indescribable joy, with indescribable misery. He looks at her, his eye "hungry with love," half amazed, half confused by her coldness; and then, as if unable to restrain himself longer, he takes her other hand and draws her to him, so close to him that her face rests against his, and she can feel the tumultuous beating of his heart.

"My dearest—my love!" he murmurs huskily—for such passion as his makes no soft music. "At last!—at last! Oh, my darling, if you knew how I have suffered!—if you knew what it has cost me to be true and honorable! But it has come all right at last. Forgive me, and try and love me a little, Lyra! Speak to me, dear—speak to me! Let me hear you whisper I love you!' Just that! Let me take that home with me, that I may be sure I am awake, and that it has really happened. Lyra!" he breaks off with a swift change of voice—the change from passionate pleading, avowal, to sudden fear, dread.

For, instead of raising her face to his and murmuring her confession of responsive love, she has shrunk away from him, has somehow or other drawn at arm's length, and with her hands pressed against his breast keeps him away from her.

"Lyra, what is it? Come to me, dearest!"

"No, no!" she pants, white to the lips, her eyes full of an intense agony, an intense despair. "No, no, I—I cannot, I—I dare not, must not. Let me go! Oh, don't speak again—not a word. If—if you love me,"—her voice breaks—"let me go without another word. It is more than I can bear. Oh, I cannot bear it!"

He still holds her hands, and looks down at her, his face as white as hers, his eyes full of stern questioning.

"Lyra," he says hoarsely, "have I been living in a fool's paradise? Have I been deceiving myself? I—God help me!—I thought you loved me. That day—you remember?—I could have been sure. Do you mean that—that I was mistaken, that you did not care for me?"

She turns her eyes away; she cannot lie to that extent, cannot forswear sacred love so basely.

"You did love me?" he says, with a sudden swift return of hope. "Why, then—Ah!" He stops and draws a half-breath of doubt and pain. "Do you want me to understand that—that you do so no longer? Is that the reason of your coldness? Speak out; for pity's sake don't beat about the bush. Do you love me no longer, Lyra?"

She looks round piteously, and up at the placid moon, that seems to mock at her misery.

"Is that it?" he demands almost fiercely.

She does not reply, but her silence is answer enough.

He drops her hands and turn away, that she may not see his agony. Then with still averted face, he says—

"It—it serves me right. Yes, I'll rightly punished. I don't wonder at it. How could any woman go on loving the man who behaved as I behaved? Heavens, what a cur I must have seemed that day! For you did love me till—till you heard that I belonged to someone else. And now," he laughs bitterly, "I am free, and it is too late."

"Too late!" breaks from the white lips; but it is of her own rash deed, of her own follies she is thinking, of that vile marriage in the ruined church.

He groans and leans against the rail.

"I might have guessed it," he says more to himself than to her. "Well, I deserve it!"

She moves away from him with weak uncertain steps to the open window.

"Good-bye," he says hoarsely. "Say good-bye, Lyra!"

She turns her face to him—it is well for her that he is not looking, or she would not have been allowed to go—and the lips move, but no sound comes.

When he turns she is there no longer.

She pauses for a moment in the drawing-room, clutching a chair to steady herself, to wait for sufficient strength; then she goes up to her own rooms, locks the door, and flings herself face downwards on the bed.

How long she lies there with the words "Too late!" ringing through her aching brain she knows not. But after awhile she rises, and with trembling hands begins to undress.

As she does she sees a letter and a paper lying on the table.

Mechanically she takes them up, as mechanically opens the letter and reads it. It is in a crabbed half-taught handwriting—it is from Griffith.

She reads it through once, twice, before its meaning, its full significance reaches her benumbed brain; then with a cry she drops the letter, and, throwing her arms up, falls prone on the thick Turkey carpet, the letter fluttering down like a wounded bird and resting on her bosom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OYSTERS live to the age of from twelve to fifteen years.

## At Home and Abroad.

Every man above 45 years of age must recall the many smooth and defaced United States silver coins afloat before metallic money of all sorts, save small token coins, was driven out of circulation by paper currency. A noticeably worn coin is seldom seen nowadays, save, perhaps, on the Mexican border, where shadowy coins from the sister Republic have a feeble circulation. The Canadian coins that circulate on the northern border are sharply stamped and of full weight.

Excellent pianos may be bought in Europe at perhaps two-thirds the cost of a like instrument here, and even individuals can import pianos to advantage, in spite of the tariff. But a fact that works pretty effectually to protect the home manufacturer is that either the American climate or the usual steam heat tends to destroy the imported piano, so that even the temptation of saving from $100 to $500 on the first cost does not induce many persons to take the risk of an instrument that cannot stand the climate.

Queen Ranavalona, of Madagascar, is like the little girl who, asked what she would do if she were a queen, replied "I would sit on my gold throne." This absolute and dusky ruler of 3,500,000 persons takes her sovereignty very thoroughly, but very lazily. She has no children, and spends her time wearing Paris gowns, munching betel, a Madagascar comfit, gossiping with the ladies of her court and playing cards. She is a handsome woman, with an intelligent face that indicates much more wisdom than her rule displays.

Mrs. Henrietta M. King, of Corpus Christi, Texas, owns 1875 square miles of land in Texas, or about one million and a quarter of acres. She inherited this vast domain from her husband, Richard King, who was born in 1825. After living an adventurous life, he bought what was then known as the Santa Gertrude Ranch, in Texas, and by shrewdness and ability became very wealthy. When he died in 1885, all his property went to his wife, a daughter of the Rev. Hiram Chamberlain, who built the first Presbyterian church on the Rio Grande. Mrs. King is about sixty years of age, and is a woman of kindly instincts and admirable character. She lives very plainly and does not spend a tithe of her income. Her land alone is now worth $5,000,000, and it will be worth much more when it is devoted to viticulture, for which it is said to be well adapted.

The most interesting of the Spanish pretenders is not Don Carlos, but a man whose name is seldom mentioned outside the Iberian Peninsula. He is the Duke of Medina-Celi, Chief Defender of the Faith, 14-fold grandee of Spain, first of all Castilian knights, and direct descendant of Ferdinand and Isabella. For him and his family, the race of Bourbon-Anjou, who now rule Spain, are nothing more than usurpers. As often as a new King of Spain is crowned, the Duke's herald appears in the palace, and, in the presence of all the grandees of Spain, protests in the name of his Lord against this usurpation, sets forth the claims of the Medina-Celis to the throne, and challenges every knight who may venture to dispute the legitimacy of the Duke's rights to defend his opinion in a duel to the death. As no grandee of Spain has ever seen fit to take the Duke and his herald seriously, the head of the house of Medina Cell has been left free to spend the income from his enormous fortune on beautiful Spanish girls and to make perennial tours of his estates. It is said that he can travel from end of Spain to the other and sleep every night in his own house.

The peculiarity of Dobbins' Electric Soap is that it acts right on the dirt and stains in clothes and makes them pure as snow, at the same time it preserves the clothes, and makes them keep clean longer. Have your grocer order it.

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### On Extravagance.

We mean by extravagance wasteful expenditure of all kinds. The extreme example is seen in the man who, searching feverishly for pleasure and excitement, flings away his earnings or his inheritance with both hands, and is contemptuously called a fool for his folly by the companions who have assisted at the fleecing. The extravagant woman can seldom rush to ruin quite as fast as the extravagant man, but she is certain to arrive at her goal eventually. The people whom she thinks she dazzles are well aware of the end of the scene. There are many by-ways to ruin, some of which are trodden unawares, but extravagance is the high-road. Yet we seldom hear it denounced in these luxury-loving days. Economy, thrift, the watching of leakage in expenditure, have an air of meanness when seen at close quarters.

We most of us cherish a greater personal liking for the fools who make free with fortunes than for the worthies who scraped the money together. Bargaining and screwing and saving are not operations that develop the noblest or most lovable human qualities; but they are better than extravagance, for they add more to the general welfare of the community. In condemning extravagance we would guard against exalting niggardliness—though of the two it is preferable.

There is a difficulty in fixing the limits of extravagance, because it is very largely relative to one's means and one's needs. A sum allowable for spending by one person may not be properly spent by another person, although the incomes may be equal; nor can the same purchases be fitly made by all people with a similar income.

Generally however extravagance either arises from love of ostentation, self-indulgence, or imitation of others—or it is due to sheer inability to manage money. Tens of thousands grasp at the shadow and lose the substance by ruining themselves in the effort to seem rich or artistic. A good half of the display paraded before our eyes at every turn does not mean that the people who so exhibit themselves are better off than their neighbors, but that they are extravagant. If one tries to make nice distinctions between disagreeable things, the form of extravagance which takes shape as self-indulgence is less repulsive than ostentation. The man who spends more than he can rightly afford on a good dinner and an excellent bottle of wine, or in riding first-class for the sake of the ease when third-class would do and would suit his purse better, or the woman who keeps an extra servant because she wishes to take life easy, or who "puts out" work that she might easily do at home—all these forms of self-indulgent extravagance, little as may be said for them, are better than the ostentatious lavishness which is meant to be comparative and to appear finer than the display of some social rival.

Extravagance however usually creeps upon a household not from love of ease and luxury or from a desire to outshine others, but through the tendency to imitation from which we all suffer more or less. To rush after new dresses, however hideous they may be, is explainable only on the supposition that, after all, we have not much more independence of action than sheep following each other through a gap. Fashion preys on the extravagant; it caters for the multitude who are powerless before anything that "takes their eyes." When it is not alluring with new styles, it is tempting with "great bargains."

The extravagance of "great bargains" deserves separate treatment. Some people are incapable of resisting the purchase of an article that seems cheap, whether it is of use to them or not. One cannot persuade the good people that this mode of purchase is a particularly dangerous form of extravagance. The attractions of a chaffering bargain are irresistible; so few understand that the reason why one man always has money in his pocket and another has not often is that the one has resisted the temptation to purchase things he did not require. Cicero told the truth when he remarked that "not to have a mania for buying is to have an income."

The recounting of the devices that have been suggested and put into action for preventing extravagance would make a very curious chapter in the history of the race. Luxury in eating and display in dress have been officially attacked again and again, but never with any heart or with a semblance of success. When the Romans ordered water to be mixed with wine, when they pretended to gibbet socially the people who spread too sumptuous a table, and when they limited the number that might attend a feast, they were doing more to advertise than to suppress the weaknesses which they philosophically condemned. But all efforts to regulate luxuries legally have failed, and it is at last generally agreed that the only remedy open is to convince the more sensible part of the community of the folly of extravagance. That a change of opinion is possible when good examples are set by personages who have influence over fashion is proved by the revolution in funeral customs, for, apart from wreath-decorations, extravagance has almost been banished from the grave-side.

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MENTAL activity is better than mental fulness. An inquiring mind is worth more than a mind that is satisfied with its attainments. Hence it is that a preacher or a teacher who sends his hearers away with a purpose of knowing more about the subject in which he has newly interested them has done more for those hearers than if he had given them all the information on that subject that could be desired.

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THE pleasures of the table have never been incompatible with the gifts of genius, or the investigations of the understanding. "I cannot conceive," says Dr. Johnson, "the folly of those, who, when at table, think of everything but eating; for my part, when I am there, I think of nothing else; and, whosoever does not trouble himself with this important affair at dinner or supper, will do no good at any other time."

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THE influence of the social current has the same effect upon human nature as that produced by the constant friction of the sea upon the pebbles on the beach. Rough corners are polished and sharp angles smoothed down into symmetrical proportions.

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DIFFICULTY is never an end in itself, or to be chosen for its own sake. It may often be a most necessary means to high and valuable ends, and as such should be honored and accepted; but its destiny is to pass away as soon as its mission is fulfilled.

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MAN will never be, in an eminent degree, virtuous and happy, till each possesses that portion of distinction, and no more, to which he is entitled by his personal merits.

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JUST in proportion as we are not contented with our sphere or satisfied with ourselves do we reach out longingly to a better sphere and a worthier course of life.

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EVERY soul born into this world has its own peculiar mission; and to the soul that strives to know, the knowledge of its mission is given.

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HE who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt—more likely to cut himself than any body else.

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FROM its very inaction idleness ultimately becomes the most active cause of evil, as a palsy is more to be dreaded than fever.

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IF you are envious you will grow lean as your neighbor grows fat—just as if he fattened with the meat from your bones.

## SNUFF AND SNUFF BOXES.

HOW long it was after the introduction of tobacco into Europe by Nicot, in 1560, before the powdered leaf came into use, as a pungent perfume, cannot be definitely ascertained. It is certain, however, that at the beginning of the reign of James I., of England, (A. D. 1603) the "taker of tobacco," against whom that monarch fulminated so much wordy thunder, was ordinarily furnished with an apparatus greatly resembling the modern Scotch mull, containing not only the implements for filling and lighting the pipe, but also a sort of pestle for pulverizing the leaf into snuff, and a small ladle or spatula for applying it to the nostril.

It should be observed, however, that the word snuff is of earlier origin than the article now known under that name. It is said by philologists to be an inflection of the old verb sniff, and it existed as a term expressive of strong inhalation through the nostrils, or of angry impatience which manifested itself in that way, from a very early period. An instance of this use of the word may be found in Shakspeare.

The pouncet-box seems to have been the predecessor of the snuff box, though its use was somewhat different. It was a small box, containing perfumes either moist or dry, and having a perforated cover of open work, through which the bearer inhaled the perfume as a protection against contagion or poison.

The introduction of snuff and the apparatus for it use, banished the pouncet-box from the male toilet, and substituted, it must be confessed, an article far more objectionable in its place.

Dekker in his "Gull's Horn Book" published in 1609, thus describes the use of tobacco in his time: "Before the meat come smoking to the board, one gallant must draw out his tobacco-box, the ladle for the cold snuff into the nostrils, the tongs and pinning iron, all which artillery may be of gold or silver, if he can reach the price of it."

In 1646, the habit of snuff taking had become very common throughout Europe even among the lower classes. Howell, in his Letters published in that year, says "The Spaniards and Irish take tobacco most in powder or smutchin, and it mightily refreshes the brain; and I believe there is as much taken this way in Ireland as there is in pipes in England. One shall commonly see the sewing maid upon the washing-block, and the swain upon the ploughshare, when they are tired with labor, take out their boxes of smutchin, and draw it into their nostrils with a quill; and it will beget new spirits in them, with a fresh vigor to fall to their work again."

The word "smutchin" in the above extract should have been, properly, "sneeshin," a Scotch word for snuff, as causing sneezing. The Scotch name for snuff-box is "sneeshin-mill," or as usually pronounced "mull." Dr. Jameson, in his "Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language," thus explains the origin of the name. "When tobacco was first introduced into Scotland those who wished to use it in the form of snuff, were accustomed to toast the tobacco-leaves by the fire, and then bruise them with a piece of wood in the box which was hence called a 'mill,' since the snuff was ground in it." The usual form of the snuff-boxes in use at that time was conical, the opening being at the base of the cone, and the tobacco was pulverized by means of a piece of wood, also of conical shape, which was thrust in and turned about.

The ram's horn often formed the primitive snuff box, or sneeshin-horn, as it was frequently called.

This sneeshin-horn with the hare's foot and spoon attached to it by a small chain, was regarded in the last century, as characteristic of a Scotchman as an umbrella is, at the present day, of an Englishman. In England, the more common form of snuff-box, in the early part of the seventeeth century, was a cruet, with a screw-stopper and a small ladle or spoon attached to it.

In the early part of the last century, amid the reckless extravagance of the period, snuff-boxes, like other articles of ornament and luxury, were made of the most choice and costly materials. The rivalry among the leaders of fashion, both in France and England, in the cost and decoration of their snuff-boxes, was intense.

This is very happily hit off in the Tattler of March 7, 1710, written by Steele. After noticing several gold snuff-boxes "which came out last term," and stating that a new edition would be put out on Saturday next, which would be the only one in fashion till after Easter, the writer goes on: "The gentleman who gave fifty pounds for the box set with diamonds, may show it till Sunday, provided he goes to church, but not after that time; there being one to be published on Monday which will cost fourscore guineas."

It was at this period also that amber snuff-boxes came into use, and these, too, were very costly. At the prevent day, although snuff-boxes made of the precious metals, and set with jewels, are by no means rare, yet the carrying them for display would not be likely to give the impression of great wealth or good sense on the part of their owner; the greater part of those in use are of far cheaper materials, and are sold at a very moderate price. France and Germany furnish for use and export large quantities made of papier mache; these are often inlaid and decorated with pearl, and sometimes with more costly materials. In Paris, great numbers are also made, either wholly or in part, of tortoise shell, and some of the precious woods, adorned with lithographic transfers.

One of the most famous styles of snuff-boxes is the Scotch, made almost exclusively at Laurencekirk, Mauchine, and Old Cummock, in Ayrshire.

In these manufactories nearly three hundred persons are employed. This snuff-box is made of the wood of the sycamore or plane tree. Its great excellence consists in the perfection of the hinge and the close fit of the cover. This is attained by a minute subdivision of labor, and great care in the making of the hinge.

The patterns are very much varied; one class, the tartan, was formerly made by ruling the design, after the surface had been properly prepared by polishing and varnishing, upon the box itself. Of late, however, the plan has been adopted of ruling or printing the design upon paper, which is then attached to the box and varnished over. Another style called the Scoto-Russian, is made by covering the surface of the box with stout tin-foil, and then coating it with paint and varnish. It is then by means of an engraver's ruling machine, chased in delicate and intricate patterns, which cutting through the paint lay bare the foil, leaving it very bright, and resembling inlaid silver. This is then varnished and thus protected from oxidization.

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TIMID youth: "Sha—shall we go and sit under that w—w—willow, Miss Ethel?" Demure maiden: "Why not under that pop—poplar, George?"

## CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

S. S. R.—The napkin is used before the fruit course comes on. The doily is used with and after the fruit course.

V. A. L.—It would be very rude not to acknowledge the gentleman's salutation, but you can please yourself about making any further acquaintance with him.

H. F. H.—Mount Marcy, a peak of the Adirondack Mountains, reaching a height of 5,467 feet above the level of the sea, is the loftiest natural elevation in the State of New York.

READER.—The Battle of the Thirty was a duel, fought in 1351, near Josselin, in France, by 30 English and 30 French knights, to settle a boundary dispute. At first the English were successful, but the French rallied and finally won the day.

S. P.—The word "lentiles" is mentioned in the 11th verse of the 23rd chapter of II. Samuel. It is applied to a species of pulse not unlike the pea in its appearance. In Egypt it is still a common article of food, being dressed like beans, or stewed with oil and garlic, and forming what is called red pottage in Genesis XXV. 29-30.

BARBARA.—We cannot possibly undertake to foretell what the future of any girl about to be married may be. Surely the young lady herself is the best judge of that. No one should enter into matrimony without first finding out what her future husband's disposition and habits are, so that she may be sure whether she is making a safe venture for happiness or not.

E. DE W.—Cracks in the floors, around the skirting-board, or in other parts of a room may be neatly and permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspaper in paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water, and a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed; the mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the cracks with a case-knife; it will harden like papier-mache.

W. W.—Croton oil is expressed from the seeds of a plant which is a native of Ceylon, Molucca, Hindostan and other parts of Asia. It was known in Europe as early as 1630, but attracted little notice. A dose consists of one or two drops, and on account of the promptness of its action, it is employed where other medicines would be difficult of administration, especially in the case of patients in a comatose state. It has a bitter, burning taste, and a slight odor. The color is yellow.

L. T. M.—The Chiltern Hundreds—Burnham, Desborough and Stoke—is an estate of the English Crown on the chain of chalk hills that pass from east to west through the middle of Buckinghamshire, the stewardship whereof is a nominal office, with a salary of twenty shillings, conferred on members of Parliament when they wish to vacate their seats, as, by accepting an office under the Crown, a member becomes disqualified, unless he be again returned by his constituents; the custom is ancient

D. C. C.—Culloden House is a family seat in Scotland, four miles from Inverness, which gave its name to the battle that ended the career of the Pretender in the rebellion of 1746. The English troops were led by the Duke of Cumberland. The Prince's army, commanded by Charles Edward in person, had little or no artillery, with which arm the enemy were well supplied. The Highlanders made a desperate attack, but the English troops stood firm, and after great carnage on both sides, the Highlanders, unsupported and unofficered, broke and fled

W. I.—Sugar, butter, cheese, potatoes, pie, rice, beans, peas, sago, arrowroot, tapioca, beer and other malt liquors—in fact, any article composed principally of sugary or starchy constituents—have a tendency to increase one's flesh in the majority of instances, although such increase does not always follow the consumption of the articles named. A contented, peaceful state of mind has much to do in adding to the avoirdupois of the human race, and therefore those who go through life in a continual fretful state of mind generally take upon themselves "a lean and hungry look"

## A BURIED GRIEF.

BY J. B. H.

So you are dead and gone, old sorrow,
Only yesterday there you were,
Filling my heart with an aching care
Of grief for to-day and fear for to-morrow.
Now the skeleton's gone and the cupboard's bare.

And in your stead is born, old Sorrow,
Hope, whose bright torch turns night to day,
And makes winter bloom with the flowers of May.
Till even your memory seems to borrow
Bright hues—because you have passed away.

Old grief, once I thought you could never cease;
Now I sing your requiem! Rest in peace.

# The Sins of the Father.

BY S. E. W.

ABEL PROWDE sat alone in his study, on the threshold of a new life.

The firelight touched the books and furniture with a warm glow; on a table by his side stood a glass and decanter, and a pipe and tobacco jar lay close to his easy-chair on the floor. A fawn-colored Irish terrier stretched himself on the hearth-rug in the blaze, and outside the wind howled and the rain drove in sheets against the window-panes. It was a symbol of what was to be. Outside, the old life of storm and passion, of coldness and sin; within, the new life of happiness and quiet comfort and love.

He looked into the hot caverns of the fire and thought, and he had much to think of.

He was a man who had been brought up with wild companions, and of them all he had proved the wildest. While he was young the world bore with him. Let him sow his wild oats, it said in calm contempt, he will settle down by-and-by. But he did not seem inclined to settle down, and the prime of his life only differed from his youth in that its passions were stronger and more selfish, and its thoughts less excusable.

Year after year went by, and the world's contempt changed to anger. Vague rumors of women who had been betrayed by him, and left to hide their shame in the misery of a lifetime, were circulated among those who knew him; stories of fearful orgies of drunkenness and crime in which he had taken no subordinate part were whispered in clubs and smoking-rooms; and people who were not considered to be over particular began to exclude him from their houses.

But he snapped his fingers at respectability and went his own way, the way of enjoyment. No one knew better how to tread it, and no one cared less if it led to perdition. The world of society dropped him, and he made a world and society of his own. And he lived fiercely and fastly in it, and even happily, as the salamander will live in fire.

On his fortieth birthday he was as careless and licentious as when he came of age. But the life was beginning to tell on him. The handsome face was worn and lined; the strong hand began to shake; the tall straight figure began to stoop; and the quick brilliant mind was not what it used to be. Things began to escape his memory; his thoughts were often confused; at times his eyes would grow dull and vacuous; he would find he was thinking of nothing; and sometimes a vague terror would seize his mind, and leave him for a few moments half paralyzed with fear.

Fortunately none of these signs escaped his notice, and a voice whispered to him that a change must be made, or an awful doom awaited him in the remaining years of his life.

But the fixed habits of a man of forty are not changed easily, and as he set himself to stem the stream of his destruction, the shadow of a great terror fell upon him. He was powerless to change his fate; there were none to help, and alone he was too weak. But yet the change did come, and had anybody told Abel Prowde that it would come to him through a woman, he would have laughed in his face. His ideas of women were founded on his own experience, and that had not been an elevating one. To him they were temptresses or fools, and no angel face had ever been among them. Toys to be played with, not goddesses to be worshipped.

But nevertheless a woman saved him. After a year of hopeless struggle and despair, he met Ruth Vane, and the light began to break upon him. She showed him how good and sweet a lovely woman may be; she taught him what a man should be; and in the first few weeks of their acquaintance the seeds of the new life were sown.

The ground had been prepared through terror of the darkness that lay before him; but the seeds were sown by the hand of love. Wreck that he was, she loved him, and dragged him from the sea that was threatening to down him, that she might love him the more worthily. And in his own dark heart love began to dawn, and gave him strength of purpose, and courage to fight, and before a year was over the change was made.

Abel Prowde had never been a truly bad man, but love of pleasure will drag an angel's heart to hell, if there be no religious strength or helping hand to save it. The change in him was true and genuine. He had cast off his old self from him. He did not pretend to do it from the best of motives, the fear and love of God. He did it because the prospect of an awful future shadowed him, and because the love of a pure and noble woman lifted him up. She influenced him; and he wished to be worthy of her. But by degrees her own strong religious feeling colored his life, and true goodness began to form in him. Repentance for sin took the place of fear of its consequences. Nor did he then dream that he had not yet reaped the fruit of bitterness and tears.

And as he sat in his chair, with his feet on the fender, and pipe in his mouth, all the past rose before him, and an inward prayer for forgiveness was wrung from his very soul.

And then he rose, and taking out a drawer from a writing-table, placed it on his knees. It was filled with letters tied up in different packets, lace handkerchiefs, bits of ribbon, and other feminine trifles. He threw them one by one into the fire; he did not even read the letters. These records of past triumphs had to be destroyed, for the day after to-morrow he was to marry Ruth Vane, and the fulness of the new life was to begin. And it says much for the genuineness of the change in the man, that he burnt them without a regret, and that the only sighs that escaped him were those of sorrow for the stories of shame these relics brought to his mind. "As I burn these, so do I burn the past," he murmured, raking the ashes together. But the ashes of his past were yet to be mingled with his daily bread.

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For a year Abel Prowde and his wife lived in a pure and quiet happiness. After his marriage he left London, and took a small house on the Welsh coast. The long line of dark cliffs was here broken by a little valley running down into the sea. In this shelter, not fifty yards from where the tide foamed up on the shingle, was the low white dwelling that they called their home, and there, far from the stir and passion of life in the great city, the man's past grew dim, and the new life grew brighter day by day. All temptation was put from him. The eyes that had grown weary of theatre and ballet, found rest and happiness in the storm and the sunset, and the ear the voluptuous music had failed to charm, found pleasure in the moaning and crashing of the sea; and in his wife's love was centred the sunshine of his life.

And then one night there was a great bustle and stir at the Crags, and a trap drove up to the door, and servants hurried to and fro.

The master of the house sat anxiously in his study, until they came and told him that a son was born to him. A great joy filled his heart, but before the morning came the angel of death had turned it into sorrow. For the mother of the child died, and father and son were left to face the world alone.

* * * * * *

Over the man's deep sorrow we will draw a veil, and leave him with the God that he had so lately come to know. For awhile his wife's death was to him as the passing of the sun from heaven. She had been the light that had guided him from the darkness of despair, and led him to happiness and peace. And now she too had passed into the darkness, and left him to stumble on alone. For a short time life was a blank to him: wherever he set his eyes, or placed his foot, something seemed to be missing; every little action was strange and shadowed with the memory of what had been. In their solitude his life had been so bound up with hers, that he now felt that half of his own nature was dead. A cloud lay over sun, and sea, and landscape, and a silence on the music of the waves. She was dead, and with her, beauty in everything had died.

And then one day they brought him his boy. It was a year after her death, and till that day the child had never been suffered to cross his path; for he had hated it, and in his heart called it the murderer of her who was dead. But now they disobeyed him, and the trembling nurse brought it in, saying nothing, but fearing much.

The child looked as its father with wondering brown eyes, and the man thought he saw his dead wife looking at him. He snatched up the boy, and kissed him passionately, and from that hour he rarely let him from his sight. The worn gray-haired man and the quiet large-eyed child were constant companions, who never grew tired of each other's company.

When Ruth died the good that she had done did not die with her.

Truth and virtue were now realities in the life of Abel Prowde, and religion was something more than an empty name. Fearful lest he should drift back into sin from want of occupation he devoted himself to reading a particular branch of knowledge, and working in his garden on the cliff. The child too was his care. To teach him to talk, and walk, and read, and watch him exercise his sturdy brown limbs along the shore and in the water, was more than enough to keep the man from idleness.

The boy was strong and healthy, and the father, who had almost feared that he would be weak and ailing, gave a sigh of relief as he watched him stoutly tumbling

about the beach, and lifting large stones into the sea.

"I have long terrified myself with the thought that many innocent sons have paid the penalty for their father's vices with lifelong weakness. I thank God that the load has been taken from my mind." And the child grew to boyhood, and his strong limbs and brilliant intellect were the pride of his father and all who loved him. And none saw that there was a cloud on the horizon, for as yet it was no bigger than a man's hand.

* * * * * *

It was when the lad was twelve years old that the change was first observed in him. Father and son were walking along the top of the cliffs towards the neighboring port. It was a hot still day. A haze lay over the horizon, and the air quivered from the ground. A ship lay motionless in the distance, the sea as calm as a lake, the sky above one bright unbroken blaze of blue.

Philip was unusually silent. He was wont to chatter incessantly with his father, as freely as boys do with one another; but to-day he barely answered, and let the conversation run on without contributing more than a word here and there.

As they came to the highest part of the cliffs, he stopped, and flinging himself on his face, burst into tears.

"Phil, my boy, what is the matter?" But no answer came, only the sound of passionate sobbing.

"Phil! Phil! What is it? speak, my boy; are you in pain?"

He looked up wildly at his father. His face was pale, and his eyes dilated with terror.

"I am frightened, father; take me home."

"You silly boy!" he said sharply. "What is there to be frightened at? We are yards from the edge of the cliff."

"It is not that, father. It is—oh, I don't know what it is. Do let us go home."

They went home, and in the evening the boy was cheerful and bright as ever. However, a great change had passed over him from that day. At times the same unknown terror would seize him. If left alone in the dark he would tremble, and beg to be given a light. The supernatural brilliance of conversation, and almost unhealthy quickness of wit, were clouded by hours of dulness and moping, and even tears.

His father began to be alarmed, and sent for a doctor. For over an hour the three were closeted together, and then the boy was sent out to play. Half an hour afterwards the doctor left, and Abel Prowde sat alone in his study, his face bowed in his hands, his whole frame shaking in an agony of grief.

"My God, my God, take this curse from him, and lay it upon me. He is innocent: I am guilty. Take my life, my reason, but spare this child of mine."

And in the silence of that awful hour, a voice cried in his ears the terrible words that were to burn themselves upon his brain. "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children." Truly there was a greater bitterness than the bitterness of death.

* * * * * *

The next few years were years of hideous punishment for sin. Day by day the father saw the son that he loved so passionately, passing gradually into complete imbecility. Day by day the intervals of brightness and lucidity grew fewer and fewer, until they disappeared altogether. Darkness had gathered round the once brilliant mind, and sadness had clouded the once bright and boyish spirits. The only person Philip still knew was his father, and they would sit together and walk together as of old, but yet as far apart as the living and the dead.

A terrible curse for any father to see his only son, his only companion in a lonely place, losing his reason day by day. But a thrice terrible curse when he knows that the madness is the work of his own hands, the fruit of an ill-spent life. And this he knew. The doctor inquired into his past, and when he had heard it, he said nothing. But he asked no further questions. He was satisfied.

But the father did not shrink from the punishment that God had laid upon him. He could have sent his son away from him, and removed the living curse from before his eyes, and could himself have drowned his cares in the intoxication of the old life. But he faced his sorrow as a man who has deserved it, and must make atonement for his sin. Philip was never violent or dangerous. He merely lived as one who is dead in life, understanding nothing, seeing nothing, enjoying nothing. His father was always by his side, always in the burning agony of that most fearful and pitiful of sights, the wreck of a noble human mind. And every hour the steel was driven deeper into his soul. Truly if the man had had sinned, he was suffering now.

And so the son grew to manhood. A strong, finely-built man, with the limbs of a Hercules. Abel was a man of no mean height or strength, but he was inferior in inches and muscle to his unfortunate boy, whose body seemed to grow stronger as his intellect became more feeble. And no one but the father knew that manhood might never have been reached, and that the lad's life was several times hanging in the balance. No one but the father knew, for no one but God knew the father's heart, or had seen him lay his hand on the weapon when Philip slept, or had known his thoughts when they walked near the edge of the precipice. But some power had held him back, though for the boy's sake he hourly prayed that he were dead, for that were better than this living death. Yet God's mercy was still overshadowing them, and the end was not far off.

* * * * * *

It was a glorious evening towards the end of September. Father and son stood together on the cliffs and looked across the sea towards the setting sun. Dark clouds were gathering on the western horizon, and the sun, plunging into them, cast a lurid glow through the long gray bank of vapor. Then it was swallowed up, and only a bright edging to the dark masses marked its tomb.

"There is a storm brewing," Abel said. There was no answer; he never expected one now, and only talked to make the silence less terrible. "The great clouds have devoured the light," the young man murmured, "the darkness is cruel. Poor light!" And the father thought of the darkness that had been more cruel than death, and had swallowed the light of that young life.

The storm arose quickly. A west wind drove the clouds across the sea until they covered the whole sky. The waves broke louder and louder on the shore, and the rising tide rolled heavily up the beach to the foot of the cliffs. Then a flash of lightning split the darkness, and the crash of thunder echoed along the rocks and distant mountains. The rain began to fall in large warm drops, and the father took his son's arm.

"Come, we must go home, Phil. There is a terrible storm coming on."

The poor fellow was usually as obedient as a dumb lamb, but for once he did not notice his father's wishes. He shook the hand off his arm, and seemed fascinated with the lightning.

"Come, Philip, come."

"How lovely the light is," he muttered. "Father, where did the poor light go when it died? Is it buried?"

"It will come down again, Phil. You shall have it in the morning."

"There it is, father, lines of it—ah, the darkness has swallowed it," as a flash of forked lightning spread over the sky in veins, and made the gloom seem more intense.

"Come along, Phil. We must go home," and he laid his hand firmly on his son's arm, and began to move towards the Crags.

"The light! the light! I want to find it! Where has it gone to? Ah, there it is, in the waves." A flash descended on the sea, and Philip, shaking his father's hand roughly off his arm, sprang to the edge of the cliff, and before he could be stopped, stretched his arms towards the place where the flash had vanished. Another burst across the sky in the same place where the flash had vanished. Another burst across the sky in the same place. "I have found you, my beautiful light, my lost lovely light."

Abel Prowde dashed after his son, but when he came to the edge of the cliff he stood alone; he called out; there was no sound but the beating of the waves two hundred feet below, and the roll of the thunder above his head. And then a wailing cry, such as a dumb animal will make in intense pain, came up from the rocks below, continued for a minute, and died away.

"Philip, Philip," he cried, as he cast himself on his face, and peered over the edge.

Again that fearful cry.

"He is alive," he muttered, "but he will die, for the tide is rising. God has done for me what I have not dared to do myself." And he turned away from the edge.

Again that long low wail of agony. The man stopped. The same power that had held him back before was with him now.

"Shall I save him," he said to himself; "save him for years of a living death, with no reason and no happiness, with a shattered body and a clouded mind? Would this be love to him. Yet he is dying in agony, and alone I cannot bring him up the cliff. I cannot obtain help before the tide has risen and covered him. Oh, God, guide me, and give me strength to do that which is right."

In a few moments his mind was made up, and he began the descent of the cliff. It was not difficult by day to a man of nerve and strength, but it would be almost a miracle if a descent were made safely in the dark. How Abel Prowde accomplished it, he himself hardly knew, but he reached the bottom and stood beside his son on the piece of fallen rock where he was lying. The sea was already dashing heavily against the foot of the cliff, and if Philip had not fallen on the raised rock, he would have been already dead. His legs were broken, and he could not move. He moaned with pain, and now and then a long low wail broke from his lips.

His father knelt on the rocks beside him, and pressed his lips to the wet forehead. The spray was even now soaking them through and through. "My son," he said, "I cannot save you. But you will not die alone—it is impossible to return."

"The light, the light, the beautiful light," Philip moaned. "I could not grasp it. It has gone."

And still the tide rose. It now washed over the rock. The two men could not cling to their place much longer. The natural instinct to preserve life grew stronger in the father's breast. He looked at the straight cliffs, where he came down, but he could not go up again. He was helpless, the last twenty feet he had jumped down a precipitous rock. There was no getting back. Then a great terror seized him. For the hour of death was at hand. But the man's heart was strong. Again he cried, "My son, my son, I cannot save you; but we will die together," and a great calm fell upon him, for was it not all for the best. He raised Philip's head above the sweeping foaming water, and the young man clasped his arms about his father's neck and kissed him passionately.

"Father, we will find the light before the morning comes. The light, the beautiful light."

* * * * * *

The next day some fishermen found two bodies locked in each other's arms, battered and driven up among the rocks. They were buried in the little churchyard by the sea, father and son, in one rocky grave. At last dawn had risen on the darkness of their lives, and the light was on them.

## "Quick Curtain."

BY E. L. C.

"KEEP your gold, it has no temptations for me; it cannot buy love, Sir Richard!" said Mona Deverell, studying her part in the new piece. "But love is in a rather poor case without gold," she added, with a sigh. Those last words were not in her part. The heroine of "Hand in Glove" was, like most stage heroines, sublimely indifferent to filthy lucre; but Mona knew more about the want of money than the abuse of it, and, therefore, did not agree with the young lady she was to impersonate. She was, at present, leading lady of a repertoire travelling theatrical company, and she played three and four parts in a week, for the sum of two pounds per week, which is a very good salary as things go now for a company touring in "No. 2," that is, secondary towns.

The present locale of the company was Damester, a Midland town of fair size, and to-morrow night a new play, by a rising provincial author, was to be produced.

Mona sat in a meanly-furnished room studying her part; her funds only ran to second, or even third-rate lodgings. She wasn't in love with the part, and saw little chance of "scoring," but she meant to do her best. Mona was desperately earnest in her art; she was pretty, and clever, too, but she hadn't taken the world by storm yet, and had no idea she ever would. She wanted to play in London, and she meant to do so; all actors and actresses have that desire and that intention, and most of them fail to attain the desired end. We all want to go to Rome. How many of us get there?

"'I would sooner beg my bread as Harry Meldrum's wife, than sit in silks and jewels by your side!'" went on Mona, from the typed part. "Good old line—what twaddle!" again to herself. "Hullo! who's that?"

"That" was a tall, good-looking man, with a clean-shaven face, and bright dark eyes, that lighted up with a flash of joy as Mona sprang up, letting her part fall, and stretched out her hands to the welcome intruder.

"Oh! Yes!" she exclaimed. "You?"

"Sure, who else?" said Desmond Clare, drawing first the hands into his, and then the slight figure into his arms, and he kissed her lips a good many times. Mona meekly submitting; and when they sat down she nestled up to him contentedly.

"Ah! Mona," said he, wistfully, stroking her silky curls, "when shall I be able to claim you, dear?"

"I don't know, Des," said she, softly. "We are very poor, you see. I'm only getting two pounds and you thirty-five shillings, and we finish next month, and we may be out for weeks."

"Yes, dear; and I wouldn't drag you into poverty."

"It isn't that, Des—it's beggary and debt, and despondency. Oh! I've seen so much of it in the profession. You sink lower and lower, till clothes are pawned to buy bread; and that's as bad as the workman pawning his tools. Who'll give you work if you come in shabby clothes to ask for it? No, we must wait, Des. I'd sooner give you up, dear, than see you going about with trodden-down shoes and the poverty gloss on your coat."

"Don't even talk of giving me up," said Clare, a little huskily, pressing the girl closer to him. "Well, I'll be a good boy the rest of the time, if you'll let me stay and have tea with you." Which, of course, Mona did, and then they ran through some of their scenes, notably the scene at the close of the fourth (and last) act, in which Mona (Margaret) faints at the sight of her long-lost husband, Harry (Desmond Clare), but is speedily revived by that gentleman, the curtain coming down on the pair clasped in each other's arms, Harry saying, ecstatically, "My wife! my long-lost wife!" Clare insisted on rehearsing this realistically, though it wasn't at all necessary.

The dress rehearsal the next morning went almost without a hitch. Mona was letter-perfect, and the author specially complimented her on her acting in the final scene—that scene, he knew, would "bring down the house."

The new piece had been well posted in the town; the author was not an unknown man, the company had made a favorable impression in other plays; the result was a crammed house. The piece went capitally, and was greeted with continual applause. The author felt sure that the Birmingham critic, who had come over on purpose to see it, would give it a splendid notice. Mona looked very pretty in her frocks, which she had made herself, poor girl! and Desmond Clare looked handsome as an impossibly picturesque farmer; both acted well, and played up to each other capitally. The author beamed from the wings; the manager beamed from half a dozen different places in the course of as many minutes; the local grandees in the stalls smiled approval; the pit and the gods roared the same, and hissed naughty Sir Richard as heartily as they applauded good Harry and his persecuted wife. In the last act, Margaret wore a black frock, and mourned her husband as dead, Sir Dick having stowed him away somewhere. Towards the close, Sir Dick comes and taunts her. She is "in his power;" and while the two tilting at each other, Harry "appears at window C." Margaret turns, and sees him, shrieks, "My husband!" and faints. Sir Dick slinks off, and then comes the touching close, the audience having, in the previous act, very strong reason to suspect that Harry is no more dead than dramatic heroes usually are. Breathlessly, therefore, the audience watched the scene; frequently they applauded Margaret's spirited replies to the villain. Retribution was near! Harry was close outside, waiting for his cue.

"'Who will protect you?'" sneered the wicked Sir Dick. "'Your husband is dead!'" Margaret, interrupting, "'Slain by your hand, pitiless tyrant!'"

She made a quick step towards him, and doing so glanced up. "'I do not fear you,'" she went on, moving—contrary to the "business" of the scene, towards the prompt side.

Sir Richard, wondering at this forgetfulness, turned, following her—as he had to do in the scene.

"'Ah!'" Margaret cried, "'stand back! don't come near me!'" The words were not in her part. She was close to the prompter. "Quick curtain!" she said, in rapid aside, and suddenly, to the amazement of the house, and the utter consternation of all on the stage, she staggered, and fell right down in a dead stage-swoon, and on the instant down came the curtain with a rattle and thump.

The people in front looked at each other, aghast. Mona Deverell had simply wrecked the piece—turned the last act into ridicule, by fainting in the middle of the scene. The puzzled audience didn't know whether this was the proper end or not; but the play was finished—and unfinished.

Author, manager, Clare, half a dozen others, were on the stage at once; but Mona was on her feet, as the curtain went down.

"Are you mad?" the manager and author began in a breath.

"Hush!" she said; "don't you see? Look up! The theatre's on fire; they'd have seen it from the front in another moment!"

* * * * * *

So that was why Mona Deverell "cut" the last act of "Hand in Glove," and spoiled the piece. But her ready presence of mind saved hundreds of lives. The audience poured out, laughing, blaming, wondering; and when the last of them had gained the street, they saw the flames shoot up from the roof of the theatre.

So Mona "scored" after all, though not in the part. The fame of that brave act of hers got her a good engagement, and within a year she and Desmond Clare were able to marry. They haven't reached the actor's Mecca—London—yet; but they are within measurable distance of accomplishing that laudable ambition—to play in a West-end theatre.

THE large majority of contemporary authors of international fame are small men physically. Kipling, Barrie, Jerome, Howells, Stockton, Stedman, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Boyesen, Saltus, are none of them above the medium height, and several of them are actually diminutive. Marion Crawford and Conan Doyle are tall, athletic-looking men, but they are the exceptions that prove the rule.

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# Our Young Folks.

## TOBY'S TROUBLES.

BY ANNIE GLEN.

TOBY was curled up in a corner of the hay-loft thinking over all her troubles. To begin with, there was her name: everyone called her Toby, though, of course, it was not her real name; and to end with, she wanted a pet. But in spite of all the hints that she had given Aunt Hannah, Aunt Hannah would not understand.

"I don't believe," said Toby, "there's another girl in the whole village who has not a pet of some kind. Laura has her rabbits, and Janie her cat, and Bessie—well, Bessie has the baby, and he's the biggest pet of all."

"Toby!" called Aunt Hannah.

Toby uncurled herself slowly, and began to shake the pieces of straw off her dress.

"It will only be a message," she said.

"Toby!" called Aunt Hannah, "I want you to go——"

The last part of her sentence was lost, but Toby nodded her head as much as to say, "I knew it," and she clambered down the ladder.

"I want you to go to the farm and ask Mrs. Giles if she can let me have a pound of butter," said Aunt Hannah.

"Yes," said Toby quietly.

"And Toby," said her aunt, "you've been a good girl lately. I have something for you."

Toby looked up quickly. At last Aunt Hannah had discovered how lonely she was—perhaps she had bought a pet. Aunt Hannah drew from beneath her apron a pink sun-bonnet.

Toby managed to say "Thank you," but the strings of the bonnet nearly choked her, as Aunt Hannah tied them beneath her chin, and she felt anything but a good girl.

"A sun-bonnet indeed!" Toby kicked up the dust as she marched down the road.

"Hello, Toby!" shouted a voice from the other side of the hedge, "I want to show you something—wait a minute."

Toby knew the voice, and Toby waited. It was Sam Giles.

As he scrambled through the hedge she noticed that he was carrying something very carefully, and when he reached her she saw that it was a squirrel.

"Oh, Sam!" cried Toby.

"Isn't it pretty?" said Sam, "and it's so tame! I found it under a tree last week. It was hurt, so I took it home; now it's better, and it's as friendly as can be. Would you like it?"

Toby's eyes brightened.

"I'd give it to you, only it wouldn't know you," said Sam. "I'll tell you what, if ever I find another you shall have it, Toby."

Toby tried to look grateful, but Sam was always promising to give her things, and never keeping his promises.

"It would soon——" began Toby.

But Sam had caught sight of a friend in the distance, and he tucked the squirrel under his coat and ran down the road.

"Everybody has something," said Toby, "and I have nothing. I once nearly had a pigeon, only the man forgot, and gave it to somebody else, and Sam nearly gave me the squirrel."

As she was crossing a field she heard the sound of a dog barking. She knew there was a small pond in the corner of the field from which the sound came, and she walked over to it to see if anything were the matter. She heard voices as she drew nearer, and she crept behind a bush to peep and listen. A girl and a boy were sitting by the side of the pond, and each of them had a small puppy. The puppies were squeaking and struggling, and the mother of the puppies was watching them and barking.

"They don't like it," said the boy.

"We can't help it," said the girl; "what will nurse say if she sees them in this mess? And look at my dress. This wretched puppy has made that nearly as dirty as himself."

"They are a bother!" said the boy.

"Well, put them in again," said the girl.

There was more squeaking from the puppies, and the big dog began barking loudly.

Toby tried to get nearer to see what was happening, then her foot caught, and she tumbled into the bush.

The girl and boy jumped up quickly.

"There's somebody watching us," whispered the girl.

Toby picked herself up.

"It's only a little bit of a girl," said the boy.

The children stared at Toby, and Toby stared back.

"What a pretty sun-bonnet," whispered the girl; "mine's white."

But the puppies began to squeak and struggle once more.

"Bother the puppies!" cried the girl. "We'd better go home; perhaps we can wash them in the bath without nurse finding it out."

"And we don't like being watched," said the boy.

Toby's cheeks felt very hot. She began to speak, but the children did not hear her. The girl picked up a puppy and began to run, the boy picked up the other, whistled to the dog, and followed her.

Toby watched them until they were out of sight. "I wonder who they are?" she said. "Everybody has something, and I have nothing."

A small boat was lying on the ground. "I suppose that belongs to them too," said Toby and she picked it up and put it in her basket. Then she remembered her errand, and began running to the farm to make up for lost time.

"I'm sorry I can't let your aunt have any butter," said Mrs. Giles, "but there's a family come to stay at the White House, and they've had all I can spare."

"And there's a boy and a girl and two puppies?" asked Toby.

"There's a boy and a girl, that's just what there is," said Mrs. Giles. "You'll tell your aunt I'm sorry?"

Toby nodded, then she took the boat out of her basket, and set off for home.

"I suppose I must take this to the White House," she said. "I wish I'd left it on the ground."

She reached the White House, and looked in at the gate. She could hear voices in the garden. Should she walk in and give the boat back, or leave it at the gate? The boy and girl had been very rude; the boy had called her "a little bit of a girl," and the girl—then Toby remembered how the girl had admired her sun-bonnet. She took it off her head, pushed open the gate, and walked quickly up the garden.

The girl and boy were sitting under a tree.

"It's the little bit of a girl, and she's watching again," said the boy.

For a moment Toby felt inclined to run away, but she remembered the puppies, and she put down her basket and held out the boat to the boy, and the sun-bonnet to the girl.

"I found this," she said, "and oh, please, if I give you my bonnet—you said it was pretty, and it's quite new—will you let me hold one of the puppies in my arms and kiss it?"

The boy took the boat without even saying "Thank you," but the girl did not take the sun-bonnet, she ran across the garden to the house.

"She's gone to fetch the puppies," said the boy.

And he was right; she presently reappeared with a basket, and Toby could hear the puppies barking before she could see them.

"They're quite wet, as they've been washed," said the girl, "but you can kiss them if you want."

Toby bent over the basket, and began to kiss and cuddle them.

"She is fond of dogs," said the girl. "Ask her what her name is."

"My name," said Toby, "is Margaret Tait, but everyone calls me Toby."

"A dog's name," cried the boy. "That's why she's so fond of them."

"Hush!" said the girl.

But Toby was smiling. "I've never thought of that," she said. "I shan't mind being called Toby any more."

She gave the puppies another kiss each, and then picked up her basket.

"Of course I'm not going to keep the sun-bonnet," said the girl.

This time the boy was off to the house, and Toby and the girl were quite friends before he came back. As he ran he shouted, "She says we may, and a good riddance!"

Toby wondered what he was talking about, but his sister seemed to understand.

"Which will you have?" she said, pointing to the puppies.

Toby dropped her basket, and her face grew rosier and rosier. "Me, a puppy, for my own, to keep?" she gasped.

"If you like, you may have one," said the boy.

"They are a trouble," said the girl, "perhaps you'd rather not."

"A trouble!" cried Toby, "why, it's been such a trouble to me not to have one. Thank you! Thank you! I'll have——"

But it took Toby quite five minutes to choose a puppy.

She had a long story to tell Aunt Hannah when she reached home, and Aunt Hannah listened quietly, then she said, "Well, Toby, you seem pleased, but what will you call it?"

That, I may tell you, is Toby Tait's only trouble now.

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A VALUABLE LITTLE PRIMER.—Last week at a Boston auction a little primer brought $825. The primer which brought this almost fabulous sum consisted of an Indian translation and the English version printed on opposite pages, a little book which our forefathers prepared for circulation among the Indian children. The book measures hardly more than four inches by two, if that, and is bound in its original calfskin. The English titlepage reads as follows: "The Indian Primer, or the First Book By which Children May Know truely To read the Indian Language. And Milk for Babes. Boston: Printed MDCCXLVII." It was bought by Littlefield, a Boston dealer, whose hot competitor was Eames, of the Lennox library in New York, where is the only other copy known to exist, with thirty pages missing.

## THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Australians are beginning to use horse-shoes made of cowhide.

The confidant of my vices is my master, though he were my valet.

A Chicago attorney is suing his betrothed to recover a $500 diamond ring.

Taking it year in and year out, the coldest hour of each twenty-four is five o'clock in the morning.

Iceland is one of the few countries that has a smaller population now than it had twenty years ago.

Jerusalem is still supplied with water from Solomon's Pools through an aqueduct built by the Crusaders.

The total revenue of the Church of England according to a report recently published, is over £5,000,000.

Some of the Australian aborigines dine heartily on butterflies, millions of which they devour every year.

The ocean cable, which has had a life of but little more than thirty years, now stretches over 120,000 miles.

What is that of which there are only two in every year, and yet there are two in every day in the week?—Vowels.

The swords of Ancient Mexicans were composed of bits of flint or obsidian, set in a stick about the length of an ordinary sabre.

It is suggested in Boston to substitute a brush like those used in a street sweeper for the ordinary street car fenders, because safer for pedestrians.

A novel method of evangelization has been inaugurated by the Episcopal Church at Tacoma. A gospel ship will be fully equipped for mission work along the shore line in Puget Sound.

A Baltimore man has hit upon a novel idea for a hearse. It is a two-storied vehicle, with a receptable for a coffin in the upper part, and the mourners are to ride below as if they were in a stage.

South Carolina farm products exceed $50,000,000 in value annually; $14,000,000 being cotton. About 70,000,000 pounds of rice are raised. Gold is mined in paying quantities at sixty places in the state.

Only one passenger among 25,000,000 is annually killed in England. In France it is one in 19,000,000, in Germany one in 10,000,000, Italy one in 6,000,000, America one in 2,000,000 to 3,000,000, and Russia one in 1,000,000.

A dog, standing 39 inches high and weighing 135 pounds, as big as a good-sized calf, is owned by L. T. Wilson, of Cattlesburg, Ky. It is a German deer hound, of the same species as Bismarck's two favorites, and is only twelve months old.

Emigrants continue to return to Europe in great numbers. Investigations made in New York show that about 800 are leaving that port every week. Railroad-running into Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin furnish special trains regularly for this trade.

It is told of a farmer in Ionia county, Michigan, who used green willow for corner posts for his barn that the posts have taken root and grown, and that the building is considerably higher than it was. Some limbs have also come out for him to hang his harness on.

A Williamsburgh saloon keeper, who calls his place Tammany Hall, has gone into mourning over the election. He has a stuffed tiger in his window decorated with a black patch over its right eye, a black crape bow around its neck, and a long crape streamer from its tail.

The Marquis George Caponigra del Grillo, son of the famous dramatic artist, Adelaide Ristori, has just married, at Rome, Mdlle. Maria de Luce-Resta, daughter of the Marquis de Luce-Resta. Madame Ristori, who is now in her 74th year, bade farewell to the stage in 1873, but she has since appeared a few times as "Lady Macbeth," the last occasion being in 1884.

## SPANISH ROBBERS.

ROBBERIES are at present extremely rare in Spain, and where they do occur, the gentlemanly deportment of the robbers is almost a compensation for the injury they do—

"Nothing he does or seems
But smacks of something greater than himself."

The following "Apostolic adventure" is characteristic, and well told:

The secretary of a certain great and wealthy man, being sent by his employer on important business from Madrid to Toledo, was obliged to go alone. It so happened that there was a band of robbers infesting the road between Madrid and Toledo at that time, who had dignified themselves with the title of "The Twelve Apostles!" and as they were twelve in number, each had a particular denomination. These gentry unfortunately met our friend, the secretary, and in the course of their conversation with him, ascertained who he was, and where he was going. They intimated their intention to relieve him of any superfluous cash or valuables he might have about him.

"Willingly, caballeros," replied he; "and indeed the more so as, save my watch and ring, both of which are very much at your service, all that I have with me is not mine, but Don ——'s, and he will not allow me to be a loser in his service."

"What you say, caballero, is very much to the purpose. Let us see what you have."

The scrutiny was unsatisfactory.

"We shall trouble you to give us what you were so good as to name, but you must allow us to observe that it is highly unbecoming an hidalgo of such distinction as Don ——, to permit his secretary to go about so ill provided; so, in order to impress this on his mind, and on the minds of persons similarly situated with himself, you will not take it amiss if we request you to denude yourself of your apparel, in order that we may scourge you with the stirrup-leathers, as much as, in our judgment, nature will bear, and the exigencies of the case require."

"Gentlemen," said the secretary, "I would venture most respectfully to suggest to you, first, that if Don —— had contemplated my having the singular good fortune to meet with your worships, he would have sent his remittances, not in paper, but in specie; secondly, that as he does not particularly care about the state of my skin, the proceeding you were so obliging as to allude to, would be a punishment, not to him, who is the guilty person, but to me, who am altogether innocent; and thirdly, that you have, as a mark of my high esteem for you, all that I have about me in the slightest degree disposable."

"Senor mio," said the leader, "it is impossible not to be struck with the judgment and good sense which you display, and as a compliment to it, you shall go away with whole bones; but pray remember not to disgrace your employer by travelling again with a short purse, for you never know what you may be asked for?"

"Caballeros, I will bear in mind your caution. Would it be unreasonable to ask you for my ring, which contains my late mother's hair and my watch, without which I should not know what time it is?"

"Your worthy mother was a lady of great merit; but as we are all brethren, she was our aunt, and it would not be respectful in us to part with her hair; and as to the watch, we want ourselves, from time to time, to know the exact hour."

"Gentlemen," said the secretary, I would submit, with great deference, to your superior judgment, that I am rather hardly dealt by."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the chief; "we are humane beyond example to you. The horse is not yours, and you complain about a ring and a watch. This is St. Andrew, and this St. James, peace be to them! and I am St. John! I should like to know how you would have come off, had you fallen into the hands of St. Paul?"

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AN INVOLUNTARY FLIRT.—It does not necessarily follow that a girl who flirts is either heartless or vain. She frequently does havoc without intending it. There is such a creature as the unconscious flirt; young, impulsive, and with little knowledge of the world. If she likes you she lets you see it very plainly. She does not love you, nor has it ever entered her head to marry you. You are a man of the world, and at once, not understanding the girl's simple nature, you conclude she has either fallen in love with you or is a most consummate flirt. So she is a flirt, but one of the unconscious kind. Another unconscious flirt is the girl who wants to convert you. She is so earnest, so pleading; her soft blue eyes look so tenderly into yours as she lays her hand upon your arm and urges her cause, that, if your heart is free, it is in serious danger. A third variety of the unconscious flirt is she who blushes and looks down when she meets you. She draws her hand from yours hurriedly. Her voice falters when she speaks to you, and if left alone with you by any chance she makes some excuse to get away. And yet you sometimes catch a tender expression in her eyes as she looks at you, that proves it is not dislike that causes avoidance. You draw your own conclusions, and are perhaps led to love the girl unawares. Then comes a proposal, followed by a refusal, bitterness of heart, and disappointment; and for over after you regard the girl as a flirt. The simple fact was, she had been told, or in some way led to believe, that you were in love with her. She liked you, but would not marry you, and hence her avoidance and pity you mistook for love.

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MARKSMANSHIP.—When Sir Peter Lunsden was in Afghanistan, the Sirdar of Kandahar expressed a desire one day to see the rifle practice of the English. In the course of the shooting he saw some sparrows' heads shot off, and, whilst expressing great astonishment at the feat, remarked that it was much more difficult to shoot at a hen's egg and smash it than to knock off any number of sparrows' heads. Sir Peter and his friends laughed at this nice difference; but the Sirdar was determined that his assertion should at once be put to the test, and accordingly ordered one of his attendants to fetch an egg and suspend it against the opposite wall of the court. This being done, firing was commenced by the English; and, to their amazement, after some dozen shots, the egg was unharmed. The Sirdar and his attendants maintained their gravity, and every moment volunteered some excuse for this miss as each bullet failed to smash the egg. Presently, by accident, a ball happened to sever the thread by which it was suspended, and down fell the egg upon the pavement below, but, to the astonishment of Sir Peter and his friends, did not smash. The trick was now apparent, and they joined the Sirdar and his friends in a hearty laugh at the deception. The heir-apparent had prepared the egg by having its contents blown out through a hole at the end. The empty egg-shell, as light as a feather, was thrust aside by the current of air caused by the bullet, and could not be struck.

## LIFE'S CONTRASTS.

BY T. B.

Perfume of roses and warbling of birds,
Sweetest of sweet June days,
Kindliest glances and tenderest words,
Shadiest woodland ways,
Murmuring brooklets and whispering trees,
Drowsiness song of the soft-humming bees;
Hope, love, trust, peace,
And, besides—
I and he, he and I.

Wintry winds rustling the fallen, dead leaves,
Sullen and lowering sky,
Creeping mists hiding sad earth as she grieves,
Mourning for days gone by;
Cataracts foaming 'neath bare, leafless trees,
Chilly blasts sweeping o'er lone, barren leas;
Heartache, doubts, tears,
And, besides—
I alone, only I.

## THERE WERE GIANTS.

WHETHER the theologians be right or wrong who tell us we err in believing there is Scriptural authority for the fact that men have degenerated greatly in size since the days before the flood, we do not here inquire; but we must need begin a little talk concerning giants, with the popular belief that Adam and Eve and all the first men who inhabited the earth were of gigantic stature. We read in Camerarius certain exact facts about their size. The first men were so tall, that when they stood upright on the earth their heads brushed against the stars, and they were called the Emephimi. After many years they were followed by a second race, that of the Phatalmi, whose heads only reached to the clouds. After these came the men called by the Egyptians Cygini, who were the giants proper, and whose race lasted until the time of Noah.

Of the giants named in Scripture, the one about whom the greatest number of marvels have been told by the Rabbinical writers in Og, King of Basan. His legs, the Rabbis taught, were three miles long. More modest by far is the commentary of a German divine, named Lange, who, reading in the fifth book of Moses, that Og had an iron-bed, nine cubits in length and four in breadth, suggests that such breadth and width do not correspond to the harmonious proportions of a man. Probably, therefore, Og's bed was longer and wider than himself, for the convenience of his turning about when he lay in it; and that it may not have been made of iron merely because of his weight, but as a precaution against vermin.

Some thousand years after Og's death, there was said to have been found, near Jerusalem, a mighty cavern, inscribed in Chaldaic letters, "Here lies Giant Og." Nothing was found in it, however, except one of his teeth, whereof the weight was four pounds and a quarter. It was offered to the Emperor of Germany, as a favor, at two thousand dollars; but he had his doubts, and did not close with the bargain.

Homer regrets the dwindling of the bodies of dead men from their pristine heroical proportions. The heathen poets fabled also of a race of Titan that made war against their gods, and piled mountains on each other, meaning to storm Heaven. Then there were also Homer's enormous one-eyed cannibals, the Cyclopes.

Americus Vesputius is answerable for another tale of giants, found upon an island not far from the mainland of America. Nine Spaniards went into its interior, having already observed gigantic footsteps, and found in a valley huge huts, in which were two huge women and three daughters, by whom food was set before the strangers. Presently there arrived six-and-thirty men, of greater stature than the women, who stood at a distance, making no attack, but presently followed the Europeans to their boat, and swam after them, shooting at them with bows and arrows, while they swam. They were put to flight by a discharge or two of cannon. Another story of this sort reported that there was a cannibal race of perfectly white giants, the Guaimures, in Brazil, carrying huge bows and arrows. The Guiamures were never known to fight in bands, but always made their attack singly, preying like the tiger upon any victim they could seize. These beings, it was said, ate their own children.

So much for giant races. Single giants that have been discovered here and there one may believe in, when the story of them is content to preserve reasonable bounds. Strabo tells of the skeleton of a giant sixty cubits—ninety or more feet—long, that was found near the city of Tangier. It was said to be the skeleton of Antæus, an old king of Mauritania. Pliny tells how, on the island of Crete, a mountain was split by an earthquake, and there was disclosed, standing erect in the midst of it, the body of a giant seventy feet high, who was supposed by some to be Orion.

At Trapani, in Sicily, there was, if we believe the record, found in a cavern the skeleton of a man three hundred feet high. It was in a sitting posture, and leant with the left hand upon a staff taller than any fir-tree. When the discovery was made, the inhabitants of the district fled, but afterwards there were collected three hundred armed men, who ventured near. That was the skeleton of Polyphemus.

In the year fourteen hundred and one, says Boccaccio, there was discovered near Rome the grave of Pallantes, the companion of Æneas. The body was still whole and sound, as though but newly buried. It was taller than the walls of Rome. There was a great wound in the breast, and near the head there burnt a lamp, which nothing could extinguish.

Charlemagne, if we believe the record, had in his army a great Swiss named Aeonther, who forded rivers that were unbridged, whatever their depth, and mowed down men like grass. The men slain by him in fight he strung upon his spear like larks, and carried swung over his shoulder.

Melchoir Nunez says, that in his time the Chinese gate-keepers of Pekin were all of them fifteen feet high, and that the Emperor of China had five hundred such men for his gate-keepers and body-guard. There is a proverb about knowing Hercules by his foot; after the battle of Muhlberg, when Charles the Fifth had taken prisoner John Frederic, the Electoral Prince of Saxony, the Spanish ambassador cunningly displayed the court of France the magnitude of the triumph, not, indeed, by exhibiting John Frederic's foot, but his boot. A vast boot, into which a man could almost get, was shown at the court of France, and said to have been pulled off the leg of the elector.

And now that we have named so many great men, we can see no reason why we should produce more as rivals to their greatness. There are here surely enough of them to stand alone, if they can stand at all. Kircher declared it hardly possible that any very great giant could stand. Men, if they were much taller than six feet, would, he said, surely fall to the ground; for you see how it is with the colossal statues in Rome, that would fall to pieces if there were not props placed here and there under projecting limbs. He seems to have felt that a man only nine feet high would require skewering together.

A CHINESE MARRIAGE.—The parties about to contract a marriage never see each other, the whole affair being arranged by their relations, or go-betweens who are old women, who describe the lady in the most glowing terms, or the reverse, according to the presents which are made to them. One of their customs before marriage, although synonymous with our fashion of sending a lady's portrait, is most extraordinary. As the damsel cannot be seen, her shoes is sent to the gentleman, that he may enabled to judge of the dimensions of her crippled feet—the smallness of the foot being a Chinaman's beau-ideal of perfection.

Daughters have no fortunes in China; but the man who is about to marry agrees to give a certain sum, which is laid out in clothes and jewels for the bride. The sums of money vary according to the rank of the parties; the Mandarins frequently giving six thousand taels for a wife (a tael being about $1.50), and the bride is invariably selected from a family of equal station.

The presents given to the female's parents, in the middle and lower ranks, are sometimes of a ludicrous description, according to our barbarian notions, being fat pigs, dried fish, live poultry, chests of tea, sugar-candy, preserved fruits, and such unromantic gear; the quality and quantity of these presents is invariably agreed upon when the bargain is first struck.

The ceremony of the marriage is gone through at the bridegroom's house; upon the nuptial day the bride leaves her father's home, accompanied by a numerous train of attendants—the bride is placed in a sedan-chair, most profusely gilded, and decorated most gaily with artificial flowers of brilliant hues; attendants, bearing torches and flambeaux, surround the chair, the servant who bears the key of the precious casket walking nearest the sedan—for we must state, that no sooner is the lady seated in the chair than the door is locked by her father or nearest male relative, the key being given to the confidential servant, who has orders to deliver it only to the bridegroom. Numerous attendants precede and follow the bride's chair, carrying flags, magnificent lanterns, beating gongs, and sounding wind instruments; the ladies of the two families are in sedan-chairs, which follow the bride's; the male relatives and friends walking in the procession. There is a great display of presents of all kinds, which are to accompany the bride to her new home—these consist of ladies' dresses, borne on stands; carved chests, which are to be supposed to contain all sorts of treasures; stands, in which are placed jars containing samshoo, wine, and preserved fruits; cages containing the mandarin duck, fowls, and frequently a fine pig, in a gaily-decorated bamboo cage, bring up the rear of the presents. The grandeur of a marriage procession is measured by the number of attendants.

JINKS: "Don't you object to your wife wearing such an enormous high hat, Binks?" BINKS: "No, not all. I complained of it once, and she said she would take off an inch for every drink I refused." JINKS: "No wonder you don't complain any more."

## Latest Fashion Phases.

The greatest danger, says an exchange, with which woman's relentless foe threatens her is the sock. In Paris, according to a high fashion authority who has recently returned from there, the long stocking is doomed. Every one wears socks. Boys and girls in short trousers and skirts display a waste of pink flesh between the top of the sock and the bottom of their garments. There is, of course, not the same display in the case of the grown-up wearers of the sock, but there are sufficient other disadvantages to make up for this.

The agonies of the woman who is wearing these things for the first time are untold. If, in a moment of absorption in other things, she forgets the fact that she has discarded stockings, she is promptly recalled to a sense of her loss by the keen discomfort of her feelings. She cannot for an instant remember what is the matter with her, and the sickening conviction that her garter has slipped is the first explanation that occurs to her. Then she remembers and her horror passes, but the discomfort remains.

Of course, socks are chilly. Of course, they do away with the ornate and beautiful garter, with its jeweled clasp. Of course, they make the wearer keenly uncomfortable. She dreads a windy day as she would a plague. A step to a carriage or from a train assumes a proportion which horrifies her. But she has the gratifying consciousness, that she is wearing what fashion demands, and that is sufficient to sustain most women in almost any emergency.

The socks which have appeared so far for feminine wearers are mainly black. So far silk and lisle thread are the only materials which have been made into those forms of footgear. Tiny polka dots, embroidered in colored silk, adorn them. Clocks in pale blue, red, primrose yellow, Nile green and olive green are ornaments on ot' ers. Small flowers, rosebuds, forget-me-nots and tiny blossoms which it puzzles the botanist to identify, are also wrought in silk on the new socks.

This most uncomfortable fashion will probably reach New York simultaneously with the winter winds, slush and snow. It will be interesting to see how many women will court pneumonia and diphtheria by wearing socks, and how many will continue to wear long stockings and defy death.

Sleeves are very large, being one piece leg-of mutton style, that need three yards of twenty inch to cut two of the correct size. Interline them from the elbow to the top with book muslin or very thin crinoline. If you want an elbow sleeve have it a balloon puff with a frill of the material, velvet or lace just covering the elbow. Do not be sparing of the velvet in making a crush collar; let it lie in easy folds, lightly tacked here and there. Pointed corsages, showing the regular darts, have returned for evening waists. Full-dress corsages are round, square or high-necked.

The latter style for full dress has come in with the great favor shown to black and white chiffon, the use of which amounts to a craze. Loose plastrons or Fedoras dropping over the belt are worn by slender figures. Braces or bretelles of ribbon tied in bows on the shoulders are worn by young ladies. Lace points drop plainly over sleeve tops, form a yoke and are worn as a girdle with the points turned up. Lace and chiffon are combined even with fur on cloth costumes. Jet bands are stylishly worn as yokes or braces, and looped waist pieces shaped for the shoulders or dress fronts in jet beads and spangles are very handsome on silk gowns. The striking feature of the season's dressing is the combination idea in waists and skirts. Velvet, chiffon, satin, changeable and plain silk waists are varied so as to suit every occasion. Small brocades and tiny stripes are in constant demand and all the handsomest have velvet sleeves; all have velvet crush collars. Belts and bows are growing sufficiently wide to herald the return of the sash, especially in black, satin moire and gros-grain.

Braiding still appears on many smart cloth gowns. Green velvet braided in black and used to trim a blue cloth dress is only one of the fashionable tri-colored combinations in this sort of trimming.

Black and Lincoln green is a favorite combination of the season that has about it an especial dash and style. An appropriate trimming for a gown of this scheme is jet passementerie studded with emeralds in new jewelled effects.

The new godet pleats for sleeves give to those already mammoth affairs an added touch of amplitude. The pleats stand out in three straight loops from the shoulder, their size being in many cases apparently only limited by ability to buy material.

A lovely dinner gown in the trousseau of a recent bride was of white satin brocade, with a bodice of white accordion-plaited chiffon, trimmed with white crystal paillette embroidery and a sash of bright rose-colored watered silk. A tea gown in the same trousseau was of white cashmere, trimmed with rose velvet.

Buttons have taken six inches, and, it may be added, dollars, too. Six or eight large buttons trim a bodice, four being used in front, two set on the semi-postilion back, and often two more in the scarf or band which finishes the wrists. These buttons come in sets, some of them exquisitely painted by hand, in Dresden effect, others richly jewelled, all costly.

Black velvet shoes with tiny paste buckles are worn with black velvet gowns. A feature of London shoes is the broguing, which is holes punched in the leather in a pattern. This season a color to match or harmonize with a costume is introduced under the broguing. White shoes for dress wear are being made in a white and silver brocade on the supposition that the pattern of the brocade breaks the unbecoming whiteness of plain kid or satin.

Pink and black satin roses, alternate, trim the necks of black and pink gowns. An immense bow of cherry, bleuet, green, pink, etc., ribbon is sometimes placed on the left shoulder. Sash effects are of wide ribbons.

## Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF IMPORTANT MATTERS.

Dusting About Stoves.—A good deal of dusting around coal stoves and open fires may be done to advantage with a damp sponge. An experienced housekeeper uses a large, coarse sponge, once devoted to washing carriages. Throw it into a pail of warm water, and add a teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia. Squeeze it out as dry as possible and pass it quickly and lightly over the plain furniture, the paint, the zinc, the corners of the carpets, the oil-cloth, etc., rinsing out occasionally. It will remove every bit of dirt, and not merely disperse it into the room, as a cloth or feather dustor too often does, and leave a bright, shining, clear surface that is very gratifying. While you have the pail in hand you will find it easy to wipe off finger marks or traces of that grime which seems to come, no one knows how, in winter. You give a cleansing touch here and and there to doors, cupboard shelves, or tables, with very little loss of time, and without any of that deliberate effort required for regular cleaning.

The Hands.—In order to preserve the hands soft and white they should always be washed in warm water, with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time, to insure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual in procuring a transparent and soft surface. If engaged in any accidental pursuit, which may hurt the color of the hands, or if they have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon-juice will restore their whiteness for the time; and lemon-soap is proper to wash them with. Almond paste is of essential service in preserving the delicacy of the hands. The following is a serviceable pomade for rubbing the hands, on retiring to rest: Take two ounces of sweet almonds; beat with three drachms of white wax and three drachms of spermaceti, beaten up carefully in rose-water. Gloves should be always worn on exposure to the atmosphere.

Cleaning Woolwork.—If the woolwork is not much soiled stretch it on a frame and wash it over with a quart of water into which a tablespoonful of oxgall has been dropped. If much soiled wash with gin and soft soap in the proportion of a quarter of a pound of soap to half a pint of gin. When carefully washed stretch the work out to dry and iron on the wrong side while it is still damp. If the woolwork is only faded and not dirty stretch it is in a frame and sponge it with a pint of warm water into soap the size of a walnut has has been dropped and a teaspoonful of oxgall. Wash out the mixture by sponging the work over with plain warm water and leave in the frame until it is perfectly dry.

Pilaff (a famous Turish dish).—Take five cupfuls of good beef stock, season it highly with pepper and salt and plenty of tomatoes; add three cups of rice, set it on a moderate fire and simmer it until the rice has absorbed the soup. Cut up a chicken, season it with pepper and salt, and fry it nicely in butter. Make a hole in the rice, put in the chicken, and cover it up in the rice. Melt one-half a pound of butter (do not let it boil), and turn it over the rice. Let it stand where it will keep hot about fifteen minutes, until the rice absorbs the butter; then turn it on the dish, but do not stir up. Serve it very hot.

Austrian Pudding.—Twelve ounces flour, three ounces suet, one-half saltspoonful salt, one teaspoonful baking powder, three-quarter ounces chopped lemon rind, one ounce moist sugar, one and one-half gill warm milk, not quite one-half treacle. Mix the baking powder, salt, and finely-chopped suet with the flour, then add the lemon rind and sugar, and stir in the treacle mixed with the milk; beat for 10 minutes; pour into a buttered basin, tie a floured cloth over, and boil 3 hours.

Austrian Biscuits.—Five eggs, one-half pound sugar, one-half pound flour. Beat the eggs with the powdered sugar for 15 minutes, then add the flour, and beat the mixture again till it is light and smooth; put the batter into a biscuit-forcer, and squeeze broad at the ends, and narrow in the middle, on to sheets of buttered paper, dredge sugar over, and bake in a quick oven from 8 to 10 minutes.

The creases can be taken out of velvet and the pile raised by drawing it across a hot iron over which a wet cloth has been spread. If there are pin marks over which the pile refuses to rise, brush it up with a stiff brush and steam it, repeating the operation several times.

When the burners of lamps become clogged with char put them in strong soapsuds and boil awhile to clean them.

It is claimed that cistern water may be purified by hanging in it a bag filled with charcoal.

Powdered rice is said to be very efficacious in stopping bleeding from fresh wounds.

"Wheezing" in children is soon cured by the famous Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

REGULARITY OF HABIT.—One of the most difficult of all minor habits to acquire is that of regularity. It ranks with that of order. The natural inclination of most persons is to defer until the last possible moment, or to put off to another time, where this can possibly be done. Yet habits of regularity contribute largely to the ease and comfort of life. A person can multiply his efficiency by it. The mind can be so trained that at certain hours in the day it will turn to a particular line of duty, and at other hours to other and different labors. The very diversity is restful when attended to in regular order. But let these run together, and the duties mix, and what before was easy is now annoying and oppressive. And the exact difference between many is at this point. There are those who confuse and rush, and attempt to do several things at once, and accomplish little, while others will quietly proceed from one duty to another, and easily accomplish a vast deal of work. The difference is not in the capacity of the two, but in the regular methods of the one as compared with the irregular and confused habits of the other.

BANK PRESIDENT: "Mr. Bullion, I regret to state that I have discovered a trifling deficiency of one hundred thousand dollars in your accounts." Cashier: "—I——" President: "I have also learned that, although your salary is but three thousand, you have within the past year purchased real estate to the amount of another hundred thousand." "Really, sir, I——" "And I have ascertained that you are going to start for Montreal to-day. Now I have one request to make." "Name it, sir." "Don't go until to-morrow. Give me one day's start."

## Grains of Gold.

Success that is not deserved cannot be long enjoyed.

Beware of the man who tries to whitewash any kind of sin.

Have sanctified desires and God will give you whatever you want.

The man who wins heaven is the one who is willing to lose this world.

God has never tried to make a man who could please his neighbors.

The man who is satisfied with himself is much disappointed with other folks.

It requires less philosophy to take things as they come than to part with them as they go.

He who labors with the mind governs others; he who labors with the body is governed by others.

No man ever made an ill figure who rightly understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.

The world is full of people who are anxious to die happy, who are not trying very hard to help anybody to live happy.

Hard words are like hailstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish if they were melted into drops.

Every age might perhaps produce one or two geniuses if they were not sunk under the censure and obloquy of plodding, servile, imitating pedants.

Dickens affirms that "all good ends can be worked out by good means. Those that cannot are bad; and may be considered so at once and left alone."

The human mind is always inexorable in demanding a motive for all human actions. It is only himself that each man permits to act without one, and avails himself of the privilege with astonishing frequency.

Thanks to the introduction of Salvation Oil, young bicyclers need not fear a fall. 25c.

## Femininities.

Out of every hundred lives insured in England only 5 are women.

Ranavalona, Queen of Madagascar, orders all her dresses in Paris. She is 33 years old and very black

"Did you find what you wanted?" "Yes. They had it at seven different places." "Let me see it." "Oh, I did't get it!"

The average European woman's life is shorter than the man's, but over two-thirds of the centenarians are women.

A Kansas doctor who advertised a lecture in the court house on "How to Keep Well" had to postpone on account of illness.

The Duchess of York for some years has devoted a portion of her leisure in the winter to the manufacture of clothes for the poor.

Dr. Jennie M. Taylor, the daughter of a Methodist minister of Martinsville, Pa., is working in Africa as a missionary and dentist.

To keep yolks for a day or two put them in a cup and cover with cold water, which may be poured off when the eggs are to be used.

Grymes: "Your wife reminds me a great deal of my sister who lives in the West." Underdeck: "She reminds me a great deal of her first husband."

She: "Oh, James, how grand the sea is! How wonderful! I do so like to hear the roar of the ocean!" He: "So do I, Elizabeth. Please keep quiet!"

Ethel: "I kissed your picture yesterday because it was so much like you." George: "Did it kiss you back?" Ethel: "No." George: "Then it wasn't much like me."

In Santa Teresa Galluri, Sardinia, there died recently a peasant woman, Magdalena Pisciotta, 111 years old. Sixty grandchildren followed her to the grave.

Mrs. Muscavado: "The Newriches are people who don't know who their grandparents were." Mrs. Rockoil: "Oh, yes, they do, but they hope that no one does."

"Is he good natured?" "Good natured? Why, I have known that man speak kindly to his wife when she was removing a mustard plaster from his back."

"Doan' nebbah try ter comfo'ht er man by tellin' 'im 'is troubles might be wus," said Uncle Eben. "It soh't'er tickles er man's pride ter feel dat he's beatin' de record, eben when hit comes ter misery."

Mistress: "What in the world is the matter with the twins?" Nurse: "Sure, I don't know; but, from the way they've been frettin' and cryin' all day, it's my opinion that they've mixed theirselves, and can't tell which is which."

General Lee's grandson, Robert E. Lee, lives on his father's estate in Fairfax county, Va., but goes to Washington every day to practice law. Mr. Lee's physique would attract attention anywhere. He is about 6 feet 5 inches in height and weighs 200 pounds.

It is said that Queen Victoria is proficient in 11 European languages, and that she has, in the last four or five years, completely mastered Hindustanee, in which she converses with great correctness and fluency with any of her Indian subjects who are presented at court.

Peddler: "Perhaps your wife would be pleased if you'd buy one of my 'God Bless Our Home' mottoes, beautifully colored and—" Blinkers, savagely: "Fellow, my wife has just applied for a divorce." "Ah! Well, here is something she will like, then—'If at First You Don't Succeed, Try, Try Again.'"

Miss Mattie Garman, living at Kaneville, Ill., who has been a cripple all her life, is receiving letters by the wagon load daily, containing canceled postage stamps, a collection of which she is making in order that she may receive medical aid, an institution having offered to treat Miss Garman if she would collect 1,000,000 stamps for them.

## Masculinities.

A Cleveland young man and his best girl were held up recently with a shotgun while stealing grapes late at night. Both were fined in a police court.

Mrs. Tom Leathers is the captain of the steamer Natchez, that runs between Vicksburg and New Orleans. The other officers of the vessel are also women.

"I wish I had been born rich," exclaimed Fogg, altruistically, "then I would not have to work for a living, and so be depriving some other fellow of the opportunity of gaining a livelihood."

"Every man is the architect of his own fortune," Murphy, from rear of hall: "Yis, that's so, but he stands a mighty poor chance whin he has nothin' but a shovel or hod to draw his plans wid."

There is a Spanish proverb which says that "an ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy." The home, let it always be remembered, is the first church, the hearth stone the first altar, and father and mother the first teachers.

Maud: "I understand that Jack proposed to you last night and you refused him?" Marie: "Yes; although, poor fellow; I am afraid that if he had not left me so hurriedly I might have relented and accepted him." Maud: "So he told me."

Lady Frederick Bruce, a prominent English woman, is one of the leaders in the vigorous warfare now being conducted against skirt dancing, which, it seems, is quite crowding out music as a form of entertainment in English country houses.

Mrs. Brand-New: "I would like to get a first-class book on etiquette." Mr. Brand-New: "Any particular point you want to clear up?" Mrs. Brand-New: "Yes—how to treat one's inferiors. You know, dear, it is only recently we have had inferiors."

Dean Hole, though personally not enamored of bicycles, states, in regard to the riding of them on Sunday, that "the pleasure, the refreshment of body and mind which they give is, compared with the harm they do, as Niagara to a lemon-squash!"

Mrs. McBride: "Before we were married, you often wished there was some brave deed you could do for me to show your love." Mr. McBride: "Yes, dear, and I would do it now." Mrs. McBride: "Then, love, go down into the kitchen and discharge Bridget."

Sunday school teacher: "Now, children, we must bear in mind that between our last week's lesson and this quite a period of time is represented as having elapsed. During this time a very important event has taken place. Yes Annie (noticing a little girl at the end of the class smiling knowingly), you may tell what it is." Annie: "We've got our winter hats!"

Bride: "Dear me, you don't seem to have the least idea about cooking." New girl: "You see, ma'am, I haven't any one to show me." "Why, I don't know anything about it. You ought to know; you said you had ten years' experience." "Yes, ma'am; but I've allers lived with young married leddies like you, and every one ov 'em was as big a dunce as you are about things."

Jones, since his marriage, has taken to talk slightingly of the holy estate. Brown was telling him of the death of a mutual friend's wife whom "the disconsolate" had courted for twenty-eight years and then married. She turned out to be a perfect virago, but died two years after the wedding. "There," said Jones, "there's luck! see what the fellow escaped by a long courtship."

Hartford, Conn., modestly claims to have had closer connection with American literature than any other city of its size in the country. It bases its claim on the fact that it has been the home of Mrs. Sigourney, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Mark Twain, J. Hammond Trumbull, Richard Burton, William Gillette, the playwright, Noah Webster, the lexicographer, and a host of others of greater or less fame.

## Humorous.

Fur-fetched—Alaska sealskins.

Something of a wag—A dog's tail.

Never lost but often found—A verdict.

Animals always seen at funerals—Black birds.

The bump of destructiveness—A railway collision.

If you cannot lick a man, be lenient with his faults.

The man who keeps his word—The man who never speaks.

Why are silent people like their own mouths?—Because they hold their tongues.

Why is a prosy preacher like the middle of a wheel?—Because the fellows round him are tired.

A bad weather prophet may be a good weather prophet, and a good weather prophet may be a bad weather prophet.

She: "I will never marry a man whose fortune has not at least five ciphers in it."

He, triumphantly: "Oh, darling! Mine is all ciphers."

Why are horses good-natured and charitable?—Because they can stand any amount of chaff, and never mind the last bit being taken out of their mouths.

The wife: "Oh, Joe, the baby has just swallowed your penknife!" The husband: "Just my luck, and I paid more than a dollar for that knife less than a week ago!"

About Christmas-time a little girl was told that she was naughty, and Santa Claus might not bring her a present. "Well," said she, "you need not say it so near the chimney!"

"The British Empire, sir," exclaimed John Bull to Jonathan, "is one on which the sun never sets." "And one," rejoined Jonathan, "on which the taxgatherer never goes to bed."

"You say that he called you a donkey?" "Yes." "What did you do about it?" "Nothing." "Well, if a man should call me a donkey I'd kick him with both feet." "Certainly, any donkey would naturally do that."

Mrs. Taddells: "My present cook is more literary than my last." Mrs. Wiffles: "How do her literary tastes display themselves?" Mrs. Taddells: "She takes no notice of policemen, but does all her love-making with the letter carriers."

Chapley: "Do you know if Miss Cole is at home?" Maid: "She wasn't in five minutes ago, when another young man called." Chapley: "But mightn't she have come in?" Maid: "How could that be? Ol'd take me oath she didn't go out since."

Wanted—A nursemaid to rock the cradle of the deep; a key to a fire lock; a comb for a tow head; a singer who can reach the high seas; a man to find traces of a lost harness; a lawyer to try a watch case; a tailor to take the measure of a suit for libel.

Fogg: "I heard a pretty compliment for you the other day." Mrs. Fassy: "Indeed! May I ask what it was?" Fogg: "I heard some one say how pretty you used to be." Mrs. Fassy: "Used to be! Do you call that a compliment? I call it an obituary notice."

A Western editor informs his readers that "black-eyed ladies are most apt to be passionate and jealous; blue-eyed, soulful, truthful, affectionate and confiding; gray-eyed, philosophical, literary, resolute, cold-hearted; hazel-eyed, quick-tempered and fickle; green-eyed, jealous. Ours is green-eyed."

"This engraving is worth the price of the book alone, sir." "Oh, is it, eh? What does it represent?" "It shows how a boiler looks after it has exploded." "Nonsense, man! What is there practical about that? Get up a picture showing how a boiler looks about an hour-and-a-half before it is going to explode, and you can sell a copy to every engineer in the country."


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# Recent Book Issues.

PERIODICALS.

Among the contributions to "The Century" for January are "Napoleon Bonaparte," "Scenes in Canton," "The Armor of Old Japan," anecdotes of public men in Washington during war time; "Festivals in American Colleges for Women," Dutch and American art, Maxim's new flying machine, stories of life in Italy, England, New York and Georgia, the work of women in public life, "The New Treatment of Diphtheria," the Pass Pestilence, etc., etc. It also presents beautiful examples of the work of American wood-engravers, including T. Johnson, Tietz, Chadwick, Anderson, State, Davidson, and Timothy Cole. The Century Co., New York.

The "Eclectic Magazine" with its January number enters the fifty-second year of its existence with the usual carefully chosen variety of articles. These include "Christian Socialism," the second part of Sir Evelyn Wood's "Crimea," "The Gouvernante of Paris," an account of everyday life during the siege of Bris, the "China-Japanese Conflict—And After," Max Muller's "Why I am Not an Agnostic," and others. There are altogether seventeen articles, all by the best writers, selected from the best foreign periodicals. Published by E. R. Pelton, New York.

The complete novel in the January issue of "Lippincott's is "The Waifs of Fighting Rocks," by Captain Charles Mellvaine. "A Question of Responsibility," by Imogen Clark, deals with delicacy vs. life saving in a lodging house. In "The Ducks of the Chesapeake" Calvin Dill Wilson tells all about the canvas-back before he is shot and after. Gilbert Parker offers a study of "Herbert Beerholm Tree," the actor. F. M. B., in "With the Autocrat," recalls some notable private utterances of Dr. Holmes, and M. Kauffman discusses "Socialist Novels." There are four poetical contributions. Published at Philadelphia.

An old-fashioned sea story full of interest and adventure, with a strong love motive, is begun by W. Clark Russell in the January "Cosmopolitan." "Ouida" succeeds Froude, Gosse, Lang, and other distinguished writers with an installment of the "Great Passions of History" series. A discussion is aroused by Mr. Edward Bok's article on "The Young and The Church," which will consume tons of ink before it is settled, and there are stories by Tourgee, Howells, and the famous French writer Francois Coppee. Published at New York.

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A WINTER TALE.—County Court was sitting a while ago in ——, on the banks of the Connecticut. It was not far from this time of the year—cold weather, anyhow—and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin in the bar-room. The fire blazed, and mugs of flip were passing away without a groan, when in came a rough, gaunt-looking "babe of the woods," knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand.

He looked cold, and half-perambulated the circle that hemmed in the fire, as with a wall of brass, looking for a chance to warm his shins. Nobody moved, however; and unable to sit down, for lack of a chair, he did the next best thing—leaned against a wall "with tears in his fists and his eyes doubled up," and listened to the discussion on the proper way of serving a referee on a warrantee deed, as if he was the judge to decide the matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young sprig spoke to him.

"You look like a traveler."

"Wall, I s'pose I am; come from Wisconsion afoot, at any rate."

"From Wisconsin? That is a distance to go on one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through a place called the Infernal Regions in your travels?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, a kind of wicked look stealing over his ugly countenance. "I have been through the outskirts."

"I thought likely. Well, what are the manners and customs there? some of us would like to know.',

"Oh," says the pilgrim, deliberately, half shutting his eyes, and drawing round the corner of his mouth, till two rows of yellow stubs, with a mass of masticated pig tail appeared through the slit in his cheek, "you'll find them much the same as in this region—the lawyers sit highest the fire!"

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ON THE MOON.—The recent report of a Chicago astronomer that he had noted traces of vegetation on the moon gains measurable confirmation from another observer in that city, Professor Gathmann, who declares that on August 12 last, while sweeping the lunar surface with his telescope, he observed a spot of vivid green in the midst of mountains in the valley of Sinus Boris. As green is a color unknown among lunar shades Professor Gathmann at first thought there might be an error; but, he adds, "after changing the eye-piece six times it was there each time—a well-defined space of green. Seven persons besides myself saw it; and it is not to be suspected that all of us were color-blind." If the green meads or forests be really there, they are evidence that the moon is not the burned-out cinder it has always been represented; but the evidence ought to be equally accessible to astronomers in general. There is nothing especially transparent in the atmosphere of Chicago, and the great telescope in the Lick Observatory, at least, should be able to throw some light on the question of the moon's verdure—if any such there be—with all the possibilities of higher forms of life which its presence would suggest.

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NO ONE SAW HIM.—A rough-looking man traveling on foot through an un frequented part of the country, stopped at the house of a Scotch woman, and, seeing no men about, remarked, "Well, missus, you've some mighty nice hams." "Very nice hams," was the dry respons. "Well, I think I'll have one, missus!" said the man. "But ye'll no get ane, my man," replied the woman. Nothing daunted, the fellow put his foot upon a stool for the purpose of taking one down from the ceiling, where they hung, for he saw no one in the house but the woman. With a stern face, however, she suddenly stepped before him, and said, "Did onybody see ye come in here?" Not a one," he replied, deffantly. "And not a ane 'll see ye gang out again," said the woman. "Bring me the axe, lassie." In a moment the blackguard was out at the door and off, leaving the witty Scotchwoman to enjoy a hearty laugh at the success of her ruse.

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OYSTERS.—The dietetic value of oysters is attributed to their flesh-forming and heat-and-force-giving constituents. Some analytical chemists declare that, weight for weight, oysters have a nutritive value fully equal to the same weight of milk; but, as a dietetic agent, they are far superior to milk. Experience proves that many with whom milk disagrees can digest with pleasure a number of good fresh healthy oysters. The ancient Romans chewed oysters raw, to bring out the full flavor of the mollusk and make it more readily digestible. It is an error to swallow the oyster whole or cooked. Cooking coagulates and hardens the oysters, destroys their flavor, and renders them indigestible.

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A MISUNDERSTANDING: "Confound it!" exclaimed Jackson. "What a stupid fellow that jeweler is!" "How so?" inquired his friend. "Why; I told him the other day that I wanted engraved in the engagement ring the letters 'From A to Z'—from Arthur to Zenobia, you know—and the idiot went to work and put in the whole alphabet!"

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Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 4.30, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin Express, week-days, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

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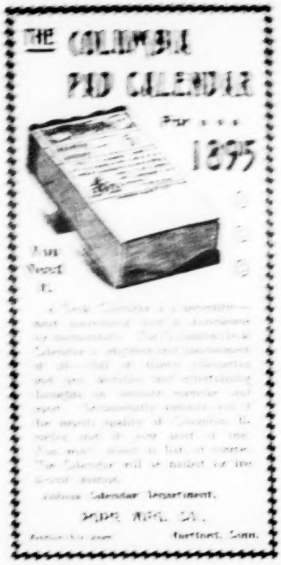


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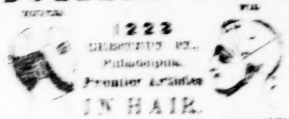


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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER
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grow fair in the light of their works, especially if they use SAPOLIO: It is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes. All grocers keep it.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST in many a woman who strives to please her household and works herself to death in the effort. If the house does not look as bright as a pin she gets the blame—if things are upturned while housekeeping goes on—why blame her again. The remedy is within her reach. If she uses SAPOLIO everything will look clean, and the reign of house-cleaning disorder will be quickly over.